

Children's Newspaper, July 24, 1937

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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JULY 24, 1937

EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

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SLEEPING-PLACE OF MUMTAZ MAHAL

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PEACE BE WITHIN THY GATES

The Arab and the Jew in Palestine

BLESSED are the peacemakers, and if Great Britain can bring peace to Palestine between Arab and Jew she will have achieved a truly great triumph.

When the war was over she set about the task of making a new Palestine with all the zeal of a crusade. Here was a land of most ancient and holy history, which had long been despoiled and ruined by the corrupt government of the Turk. The Turk was gone. It seemed that nothing remained except to establish the Holy City of Zion and surround it with a population of Jews, who had been its Chosen Race since Moses led them out of the wilderness.

The Jews were willing. The Zionist movement claimed among them many followers. The conditions of life in Europe for many Jews promised an inflowing tide of Jewish immigrants, and the promise was fulfilled.

The Disappointed Arab

But there was another side to the picture, and the bargain. In and about Palestine to the south and east of the Jordan was a very big though scattered population of Arabs, whose habits and thoughts and way of life were as much opposed to those of the hardworking, money-saving, industrial Jew as those of any two races could be. One bond only united them—hatred of the Turk; but the strength of that feeling had been enough to enlist the Arab on our side in the war. Under the guidance and direction of Colonel T. E. Lawrence they formed the most valuable allies in Lord Allenby's last great drive to expel the Turk and his German allies through Armageddon out of Palestine.

The Arab looked for his reward, and he saw it in the hoped-for establishment of an Arab State in Palestine, and that, he believed, had been promised. Judge, then, of his disappointment when he saw an ever-increasing inflow of Jewish immigrants into what he regarded as his land. Their numbers now reach 400,000. The Arabs number 900,000.

Saddest Thing Since the War

The two races are as little likely to mix as water and oil. Our failure to reconcile them is the saddest thing that has happened since the end of the war gave us mandates over these and other Middle Eastern territories, like Iraq. Iraq has now its own Government. There was no prospect of conferring an indivisible Government on Palestine while it was split by racial animosities in two parts.

The way out which Great Britain is seeking is to divide Palestine into two

sovereign States, a Jewish State mainly in the plains, and an Arab State in the hills, including the territory of Trans-jordan, largely now a No Man's Land, with a port at Jaffa. Great Britain proposes to keep as a perpetual mandate for all peoples a strip between these two States, including Jerusalem, Nazareth, and Bethlehem, with a corridor from Jerusalem to the coast, and another strip near Akaba, where there is a port giving access to an arm of the Red Sea. Tiberias on the Lake of Galilee, Acre, and Haifa (names known to Crusaders of eight centuries ago) are also included in the mandate for the time being.

This division of rights and privileges seems to be the only way of escape from the strife between the two peoples who are to inherit the land. The dream of a Jewish-Arab State has gone. The Jews, who have found a new home and refuge in Palestine, have brought prosperity to parts of it that were desolate, and have shared no small part of that prosperity with the Arabs, but it has not endeared them to their new neighbours. The Arab has become filled with that new spirit of nationalism which sees its people as a sovereign race dominating all within its territory, and impatient of any intruders.

The intruders it has resented most are the Jews, a people hard even for an Arab to dominate, for they have been toughened by centuries of persecution, and are capable of a continuous effort and great sacrifices. They, too, have done well for England.

The Old Chemist

In the C N last year we told the story of a fine old Jewish chemist who did inestimable service to us in the chemistry of explosives during the war, and who, when asked by our Prime Minister if he would take any reward, replied that he hoped and wished for none, except that when the war was over Great Britain might repatriate his people in Palestine. That is what the Jews hoped. It was what they believed was to be expected from Great Britain's promises, and especially from the declaration made by Lord Balfour when he visited Palestine after Peace had been signed.

Even at that moment the signs of the rift appeared. Stones were thrown at Lord Balfour. Since then the stone-throwing has never ceased, and stones have been the least evil of the missiles the antagonists have hurled at one another. In the intervals of attacking each other, openly or secretly, the two

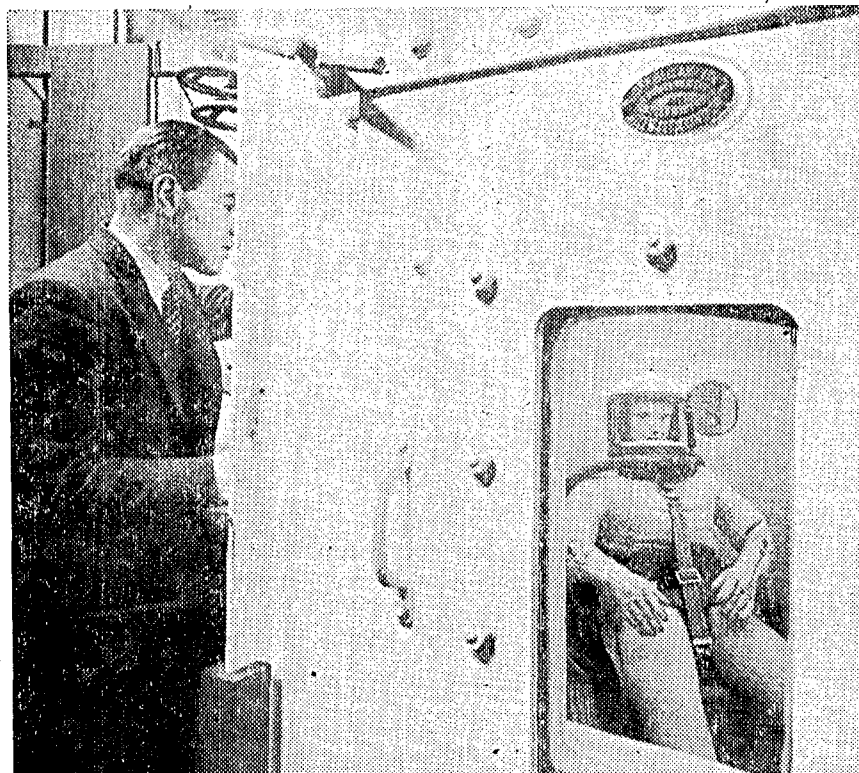
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A Town in Galilee



The peaceful scene at Nazareth, where Jesus spent his boyhood, which is within the area of Palestine for which a British mandate is suggested. See this page

The Man in the Iron Chamber



Before making his record flight to 53,937 feet Flight-Lieutenant M. J. Adam underwent strict tests in this decompression chamber at Farnborough to become accustomed to the rare atmosphere found at great heights

BUSINESS MEN'S PEACE PLEA

Freer Trade and Fair Play in Materials

The International Chamber of Commerce in its Congress at Berlin has brought together leading men of affairs of all nations, and it is good to see the sensible resolutions it has passed.

Dealing with world reconstruction, it declared that peace was a primary need if world trade was to flourish and the standard of living to rise, and that restrictions on trade (such as tariffs and quotas) were hostile to prosperity.

A competition in armaments endangered the peace of the world and depressed living standards. It was therefore of urgent importance to quiet the apprehensions by which swollen armaments were justified, and once more to devote economic resources to improve the lot of mankind.

Access To Food and Materials

In all countries, the resolutions said, the rapid progress of science and invention and modern methods of production would permit the standard of living to be greatly improved, provided the world would cooperate in rational distribution. It was necessary that each country, while developing its own economy, should be ready and willing to contribute its share to the world total.

Then the resolutions dealt with the differences between countries in natural resources. In any case, it was declared, all countries should as far as possible have access to essential foodstuffs and raw materials.

The completion of armament programmes would, it was added, unless alternative employment was found, cause a serious setback to trade and industry, and in that emergency the expansion of exports, which necessarily meant the expansion of imports, would be of particular value.

The Gay Life of Bournville

The new Jubilee Lido at Bournville is immensely popular with the ten thousand people working there.

It is a magnificent open-air swimming bath, 100 feet long and half as wide, surrounded by shingle beaches and grass-verges. It is the latest addition to what are probably the most extensive provisions for the health and happiness of any group of employees in the Kingdom, though Port Sunlight might contest this.

On the Bournville estate are 15 football pitches, 10 hockey pitches, 53 lawn-tennis courts, a Garden Club and Pleasure Park, a Model Yachting Pool, stages for musical and dramatic performances, an indoor swimming-bath for women, another swimming-bath for men, hard tennis courts illuminated for use after dark, and other amenities too numerous to mention.

Pictures on Trains

The first railway cinema coach seems to have been much appreciated.

It has made more than 1200 journeys and covered 250,000 miles; about 60,000 passengers have seen the one-hour programme. The coach operates on the 10.10 a.m. express from King's Cross to Leeds and the 3.15 p.m. from Leeds to King's Cross on weekdays, and on excursion trains to Northern Towns on Sundays.

The cinema is used to instruct railwaymen. A mobile film van showing educational films to railwaymen has visited 68 depots and given performances to more than 12,000 members of the staff. A second vehicle is shortly to be placed into commission.

The Little Kingdom 90 Miles Round

Lake Counties: Cumberland and Westmorland. Edited by Arthur Mee. King's England Series. Hodder and Stoughton. 7s 6d.

It is often said of Lakeland that into a circle about 90 miles round Nature has compressed one of the most remarkable natural kingdoms she has made in carving out the earth.

There is indeed a quality about this astonishing piece of England which makes an appeal to the spirit of man unlike any other within the kingdom (we might almost say the world) a quality that appeals to every faculty of the mind, to every mood of the human soul.

Mountain and Lake

The haunt of poet and artist, Westmorland and Cumberland display a cameo of natural beauty unsurpassed in this country. We call this region our Lake Country, but it is our Mountain Land as well, the solemn beauty of its still waters being enhanced by the grandeur of noble heights to which hill-sides clothed with living beauty draw the eye.

It was William Wordsworth who, as Mr Mee says, bathed these mountains in a poetic radiance that will never fade, and has made them a place of pilgrimage for all who feel a kinship with Nature and are sensitive to her delights. Southey, Coleridge and his tragic son Hartley, De Quincey, Dr Arnold and his famous children, John Ruskin, Harriet Martineau, Mrs Hemans, and many another are of this company, and of them we read in this book. Here, too, is the tale of George Romney and his strange marriage, the love story of Sir Walter Scott, the record of the blind botanist John Gough, whose "genius mounted to the plains of heaven."

Hadrian's Wall

Of sterner days as well we read in these pages, for Cumberland was for centuries a frontier of England against less civilised invaders. Across it runs that remarkable monument the Roman Wall of Hadrian, with its many forts and camps, and, built in later days from its stones, stands the grim castle of Carlisle wherein Edward the First held its last Parliament and Mary Queen of Scots was greeted by her first English gaoler. In the beautiful cathedral close by rare beauty has transformed the strength which Norman builders gave it.

In pictures (and this book has over 120) and in engaging description we are introduced to the glorious works of England's craftsmen as well as to Nature's own handiwork. Nothing of value seems to have been left out, and, as in all the other volumes of the King's England series, the tale of each of the 217 places in these two Lake Counties is complete and up to date. Here Romance walks on every page.

PALESTINE IN THREE PARTS

Continued from page 1

Bitter enemies have attacked Great Britain, the peacemaker. It is not the uncommon fate of peacemakers. The Jews declare they have not received the protection their industry and peaceful penetration deserve. The Arabs proclaim that they have been deprived of their birthright. Attempts to limit the numbers of Jewish immigrants have not placated the Arab, and have been made a grievance by the Jews.

There is nothing for it but to separate the combatants, and let them work out their own destinies. Great Britain will still have its work cut out to keep the peace between them, but both will now know where they stand, and each in his own territory will be able to say,

TWO MEN ON AN ISLAND

News From a Pacific Outpost

Two men have just come back from Willis Island after completing a year of one of the loneliest tasks in the world.

Willis Island, from which the C.N. has frequently published news sent to it by the friendly observers there, is hard to find on any maps except Admiralty Charts, for it covers only 14 acres, about half as many as Waterloo Station. But on its bare flat coral strand the two men, Mr H. J. Edwards and Mr. A. Oliver, for 12 months made observations of the weather to send by wireless to the mainland of Australia, 300 miles distant. Willis, off the north-east coast, is the farthest off of a chain of these observation stations.

Gales sweep the tiny island, but ships never come near it. In the whole year the two observers say no creature but themselves and the regular visitors, the mutton birds, which come with regularity once a year in the last week of August. The other visitor, also coming once a year, is the lighthouse tender from Cape Leeuwin which landed them and now has brought other observers to take their places.

Newcastle to Norway in Three Hours

Commerce and friendliness have linked Newcastle with Norway ever since the last of the Vikings harried our eastern shores; and now that the two are to be brought within three hours of each other the ties will be closer than ever.

The first direct air service between Newcastle and Norway has already come into being, and the air liner Norseman has been carrying out tests over the route. The regular service is operated by Allied Airways, and a daily trip will be made from Newcastle across the North Sea to Stavanger. The return journey will begin a few hours later, and it will thus be possible for a passenger to have breakfast in Newcastle, lunch in Norway, and dinner in England.

Little Boy's Mite

From a Correspondent

As I was passing along a road in one of the poor parts of London two men broken by the war were standing outside a restaurant, one wearily turning the handle of an old barrel-organ, the other patiently and pathetically holding out an empty cap.

Three little chaps (about 8 or 9) were strolling near me, rather grubby and poorly dressed, but one had a very kind heart, for as he passed his hand shot into his pocket and out came a half-penny, which he threw into the ragged cap. The men were obviously much touched and tried to return the coin to the little fellow, but he shook his head, laughed, and ran on with his two companions.

LITTLE NEWS REEL

A five-year plan is proposed to bring a water supply to every corner of the Isle of Man.

Edinburgh University is to receive £5000 under the will of Sir James Barrie.

The staff of the British Orconora Iron Ore Company has been given permission to return to Bilbao by General Franco.

A schoolmaster, coming upon some boys playing a rough-and-tumble game of cricket near Weymouth, stopped to examine the ball. It was a bomb.

The church steeple at Faulkbourne in Essex has been condemned owing to jackdaws pecking while nesting in the belfry.

North and South Shields are considering a scheme for a high-speed railway under the Tyne, the cost to be £400,000, and the electric train (on the mono-rail principle) completing the journey in one minute.

CELLULOID AGAIN

The Cigarette and the Perambulator

We read in a Birmingham paper that according to the shopkeepers there the popularity of celluloid toys is waning in favour of rubber and other articles.

Two leading toy stores in the city declare that they are selling fewer rattles and dolls, and that apparently rubber toys are likely to take the place of celluloid.

From Peterborough comes the news that a cigarette spark falling on a celluloid rattle set fire to a perambulator the other night, the baby escaping with a badly burned elbow.

THINGS SEEN

A building in Princes Street, Edinburgh, floodlit in pale blue, with the white figure of Sir Walter Scott seen against it.

A Surrey ice-cream man saving a child from drowning at the old Cobham mill.

A London train from Slough held up so that an infirm old lady could catch it.

A Ramsgate donkey man swimming to the rescue of two bathers.

THINGS SAID

When I survey my friends I cannot find one who has achieved high position without ability and resource.

Mr St John Ervine

Sensationalism and propaganda are today the common enemies of mankind.

Mr Mackenzie King

Most museums could throw half their specimens into the dustbin.

Dr W. E. Swinton

The root cause of Europe's problem is divided into 26 States armed to the teeth and with tariffs to the skies.

Lord Lothian

Man has failed to achieve that unity between God and himself which would make war unthinkable.

Lord Halifax

It would be an evil day if human beings became more or less of one type.

General Smuts

You cannot force men to be free.

Mr Frank Birch

We have a million shops, one to every 45 inhabitants.

Mr Sydney Elliott

Allah holdeth in low esteem a ruler in whose presence entereth one more learned than himself.

The Imam of Yemen

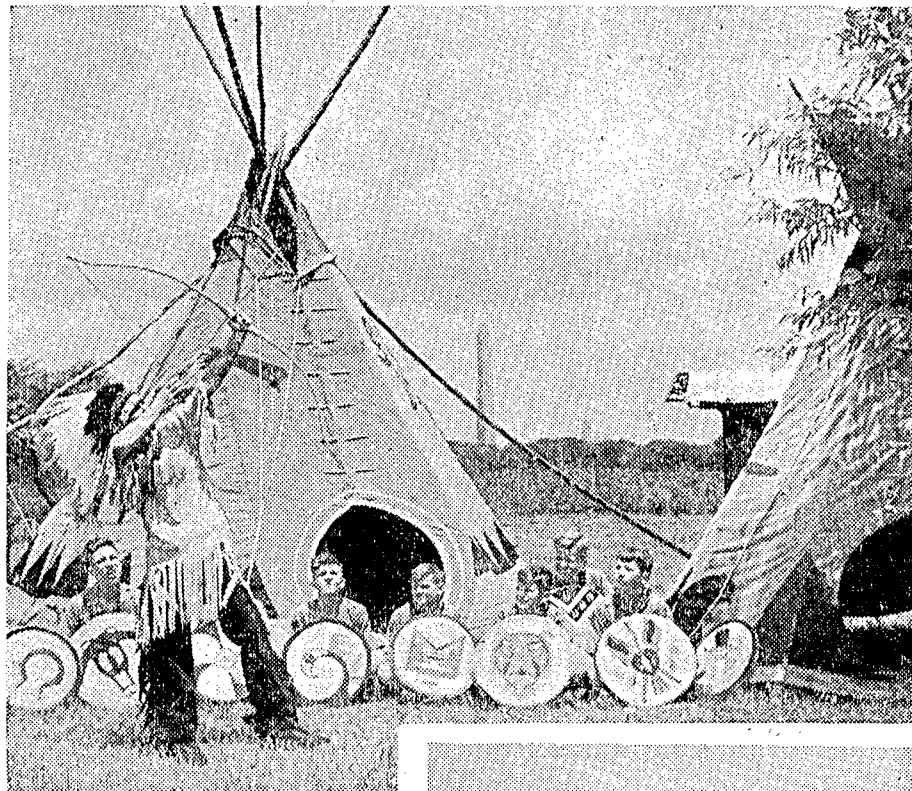
We want no other rule than British rule; no town or village in Nigeria would accept any other.

The Alake of Abeokuta

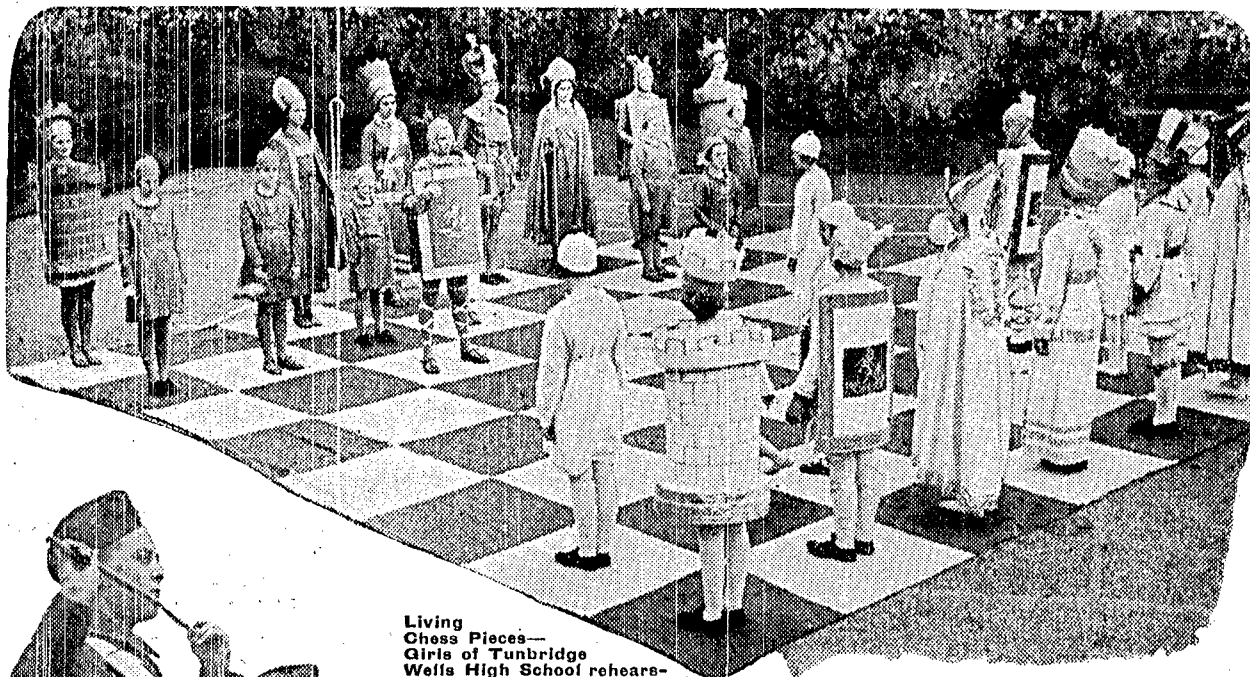
Drummer-Boys • Living Chess Pieces • Railway Horses



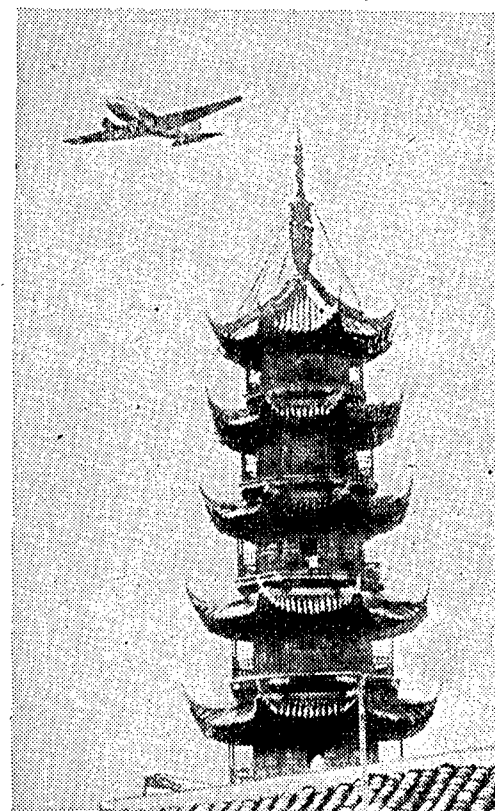
Little Coach and Giant Liner—This tiny coach drawn by six Shetland ponies was seen at Southampton when the Europa was at the quayside the other day



The American Jamboree—A Red Indian demonstrates a sun-dance to Boy Scouts at Washington, where a Jamboree has been held recently



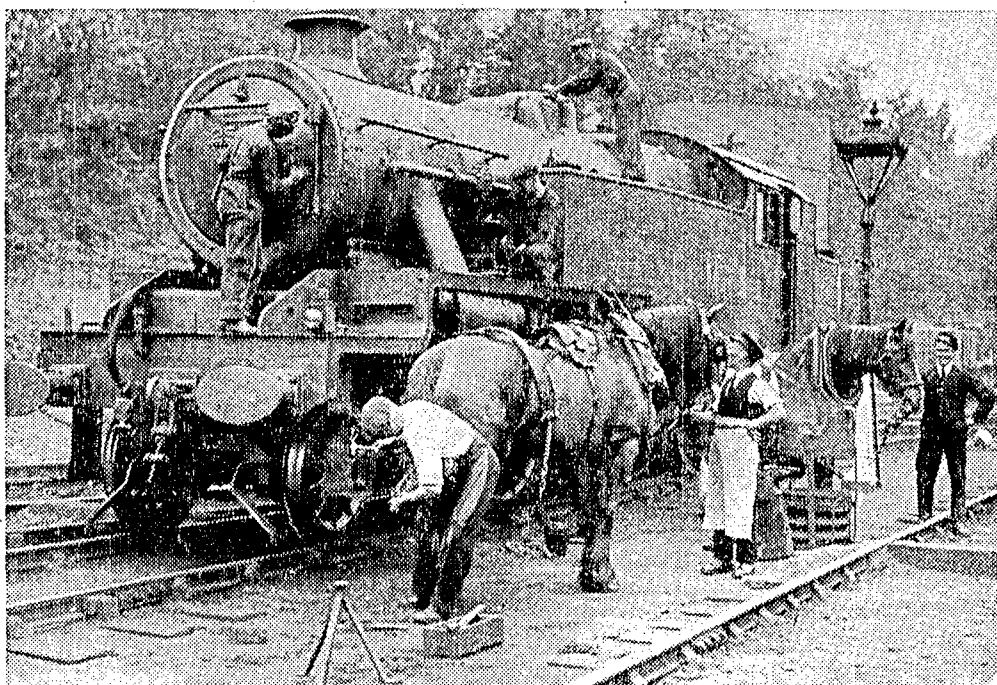
Living Chess Pieces—Girls of Tunbridge Wells High School rehearsing for a display organised by the Kent County Chess Association



West Meets East—An American Douglas airliner flying over a pagoda at Nanking, in China



Ready—Drummer-boys waiting for the command to be given at the Duke of York's Royal Military School, Dover



Horses and an Iron Horse—Shoeing LMS van horses at Bletchley in Buckinghamshire while an engine receives attention from the cleaners

WHY BARE HOUSES?

Furniture For Small Homes

A London exhibition has lately been devoted to the furnishing of little houses—a deeply interesting and important subject, affecting the life and comfort of the masses of our people.

Let us see what the Council for Art and Industry made of it. They consider that to furnish a dwelling on what is termed a Minimum Standard would cost £50 10s. This to fit up a living-room, two bedrooms, and a kitchen-scully. A small family cannot afford such a sum, which is yet insufficient to command things worth having.

On a "more desirable standard," the exhibition showed that £36 was needed to fit up a bedroom, this amount including £10 12s 6d for a wardrobe!

The Bare House Idea

We venture to suggest to the Council that millions cannot afford to buy a £10 wardrobe. We also point out that every small dwelling might and should contain a wardrobe far better than can be bought for £10.

It is a great pity that we should consider a dwelling complete when it consists of bare walls and windows. The housing of the people should take account of domestic needs and provide for them.

Thus every bedroom, however humble, should contain a built-in wardrobe. This is easily contrived, and is a cheap item, for the room wall provides either two or three sides of the wardrobe, leaving little to add but a front and a door.

Built-in Fittings

Thus, too, with other items. All windows should have proper window-ropes. The kitchen should have a fixed table, also dresser, cupboards, and shelves; a shelf should be fixed all round it, head high. The sink should be roomy and deep. There should be proper provision for fuel and bicycles.

If we worked on these lines the furnishing problem would become a comparatively small one, and housewives would gain in both comfort and pocket.

The furniture priced by the Council of Art and Industry is not good; it cannot be good at the prices given. But with the provision of houses with fittings homemakers would need little movable furniture, and could buy the few necessary things of decent quality.

Martin Stenton's Story

Few people have heard their own passing bell and lived to talk about it, but this is what Mr Martin Stenton of Wombwell in Yorkshire has done.

Celebrating his 90th birthday, he gathered a number of old friends round him, their ages totalling round about 5000 years.

That he is alive today Mr Stenton thinks is due more to good luck than to good management. When only ten he was working in Lundhill colliery, and would have been down the mine when the terrible explosion of 1857 killed 189 men had he not happened to change shifts with another boy. At 20 he was buried by a fall of coal in the pit, and was carried out with others. Everyone thought he was dead, but he was only injured, having the queer experience of recovering slowly and hearing the church bell tolling for him.

Last Month's Weather

LONDON		RAINFALL	
Sunshine . . .	208 hrs.	Tynemouth . .	2'12 ins.
Rainfall . . .	1'81 ins.	South'pton . .	1'37 ins.
Dry days . . .	19	Aberdeen . . .	1'25 ins.
Wet days . . .	11	Chester . . .	1'22 ins.
Warmest day . .	11th	Falmouth . . .	1'10 ins.
Wettest day . .	18th	Gorleston . . .	'89 ins.
Coldest day . .	19th	Birmingham .	'78 ins.

SILVER AND FINE GOLD

The Goldsmiths and Guildford Cathedral

WHEN the congregation assembles in the new Guildford Cathedral they will see, gleaming in the Sanctuary, the gift of the Goldsmiths Company of the City of London.

Since the days of Edward the Third this old City Company has upheld the art and craft of the goldsmith and silversmith, and has given generously out of the profits of their work. For Guildford Cathedral English goldsmiths will make the gold and silver plate of the Cathedral, the beautiful alms dishes, the candlesticks, the chalices, the patens, and all that is wrought out of the precious metals for the service of the Cathedral.

This is no new thing in the history of the Goldsmiths Company, or in any of the ancient Companies of the City, who have always been cheerful givers in good causes. Continually in our English villages we have come on almshouses, and such-like homes for the aged, the widow, and the fatherless, which have been placed there, centuries ago, by the generosity of these ancient guilds. Ever since the Goldsmiths were established they have been busy in well-doing. Their history began earlier still.

All these City Guilds had their ups and downs. They were at the height of their prosperity under the Tudors, but suffered a good deal in the Civil War of the next century and afterwards

at the time of the Great Fire. These misfortunes did not interrupt the exercise of their bounty, and they recovered their position after the Stuarts had gone.

With this recovery came a renewal of their beneficence, and throughout the 19th century they devoted increasing attention to technical and general education. Today there is no company which does not give large sums to such causes as these.

The Goldsmiths, the Clothworkers, Mercers, Skinners, Merchant Tailors, Grocers and Salters formed the City and Guilds of London Institute. Its branches are the Engineering College at South Kensington, The Pinsbury Technical College near the City Road, the South London Technical College.

The Goldsmiths have founded their own Technical Institute at New Cross, the Clothworkers maintain a textile department at Leeds University, the Carpenters and Cordwainers, the Fruiterers, all give help to technical education.

Their efforts and their generosity are scattered all over the land, as were their almshouses in old time.

The companies are still giving, and we can think of nothing more appropriate to the latest gift of the Goldsmiths than the old Hebrew saying, "Out of a gold cart falls a gold nail."

Look To Your Scrap Heap

FOR too long our highways and byways, our attics and cellars, have harboured bits and pieces of old iron.

What is worse, the enormous trade in canned meat, fish, vegetables, and fruit has caused a special wastage of iron, for tins (by which we mean iron containers coated with tin) rendered unpleasant by vestiges of their original contents, are got rid of by being buried, or left to litter the land.

When removed by the dust-carts of local Authorities, the cans are too often taken to dumps, together with ashes, scraps of cloth, bits of wood, broken pieces of china and earthenware, and even organic matter. The refuse-heaps thus made become the breeding-grounds of rats. We know of a Surrey beauty spot where such a refuse-heap, created by the local Authority, can be seen from the main road; it faces the grounds of a school for young ladies!

In another case, in Hampshire, the owner of a woodland allows the local Authority to form such a dump.

Thus most valuable material is allowed to become a public pestilence. All refuse can be utilised. The metal

should be carefully collected and used; the remainder should be turned into clinker and used as road material, or covered with earth and turned into pretty hillocks.

The waste of old iron is particularly grievous. Crude iron stands at a high price, but more than price must be considered. Iron has a life cost, for it is made by coal and iron miners and other workers who take risks and who often suffer death and injury.

To the observer who knows the sight of an old bicycle by the wayside, or the litter of a discarded meat-tin, is an offence against more than order.

We may rejoice, therefore, that the national shortage of iron has led the British Iron and Steel Corporation to appeal to our people to send all the scrap iron they have to a scrap-iron merchant. Ten tons of scrap can be turned into nine tons of good steel. There must be hundreds of thousands of tons of scrap in our ten million households.

As for the tins, the local Authorities should see to them, so preventing litter and adding to national wealth.

The Ruler Who Kept His Word

A REMARKABLE story has been told by the Duke of Portland in the memoirs he has been writing for the Daily Telegraph.

It is of the Indian state of Nepal, which, lying on the southern slopes of the Himalayas, includes Everest among its proud possessions. Nepal has waged war with China and with the British Empire. Beaten by our armies, she entered into a treaty which she has faithfully kept for more than a century. Among the bravest of the native troops in the Indian Army are her gallant Gurkhas; among the territory she ceded to us is Simla, but for whose cool heights British statesmen and administrators would hardly be able to endure the torrid Indian summer.

The duke's story concerns the terrible days of the Indian Mutiny, the time of our greatest peril there. The ruler of Nepal was Sir Jung Bahadur, whose own life-story might have come straight from the Arabian Nights. During a visit to

England he met among many friends here a beautiful lady named Laura Bell, who was afterwards a leader of religious life in London, with Mr and Mrs Gladstone of the company of her helpers.

When he returned home Jung Bahadur sent her a magnificent ring, and a letter saying that if ever he could do her a service he would do it if she would send him the ring. The Mutiny broke out and a friend of the duke, knowing the story, took the ring and the letter to the India Office, which sent both to the ruler of Nepal, accompanied by a letter from Laura Bell, reminding him of his pledge and asking him either to take arms for Great Britain or to remain neutral.

Resisting all overtures from the rebels, he sent one column of his troops to our aid, and followed with a second of 8000 men, with which he helped us at the siege of Lucknow. Apart from the value of his service, his example was decisive. He kept his pledge, and so helped to save the British Empire in India.

THE LOST MAGYARS

Hungary and Her Citizens

The old pre-war Kingdom of Hungary was a great nation with 125,000 square miles of territory and 21 million people.

Most of the land and people were taken away from her after the Great War by the Treaty of Trianon and given to the new State of Czecho-Slovakia and the enlarged States of Rumania and Yugo-Slavia. This led to these three States being leagued together against Hungary to defend the acquisition of their gains. The League is known as the Little Entente.

The reduced Hungary has only 36,000 square miles, and at the present time has about nine million people, as compared with the 21 millions of 1914. A big nation has become a very small one.

Many Magyars, to give the true Hungarians their proper name, were placed under the three foreign flags. Yugo-Slavia took over about 550,000 Magyars; Rumania about 1,750,000, and Czecho-Slovakia about 1,150,000. Hungary has complained bitterly of the treatment of her lost people.

The Treaty of Trianon

Hungary has never ceased to claim the restoration of that part of her ancient territory where her own people dwell, and many eminent Englishmen who have examined the facts on the spot back her claims to revision of the Treaty of Trianon.

Hungarians, who have always been friendly to us, point out that, although the Imperial Government of Austria-Hungary sent a stern ultimatum to Serbia when the Austrian heir to the throne and his bride were assassinated at Serajevo in 1914, Count Tisza, the responsible Hungarian Minister, did his best to soften the ultimatum and was opposed to making war upon Serbia.

No one suggests that the old Hungary should be restored in its entirety; what Hungary urges is that by a fresh delimitation the land occupied by most of the alienated Magyars could be made part of Hungary again.

The matter concerns Britain very nearly, for this Hungarian trouble is one of the many matters out of which a European war might arise.

Good News For Two Countries

In Britain. Two thousand people from distressed areas, including miners and their wives, are the guests of undergraduates of Oxford and Welsh universities this summer. They are spending seven days by the sea, the women living at a mansion, where women students will wait on them, and their husbands under canvas.

This scheme is to develop into a national student holiday camp to provide a holiday for people from all the distressed areas.

In Germany. Girl students are giving holidays to domestic servants by taking over their duties to enable the maids to get a proper holiday at full wages. In the same spirit, both girl and boy students are taking the place of shop assistants and other workers to give them summer holidays.

Another report from Berlin tells how German children are increasing their correspondence with British and other children. Some 2600 German children exchange letters with British children, 6800 with French children, 1200 with Italian children. These letters often follow on the friendly visits now exchanged between the children of a number of nations.

CHIEF SCOUT OF PEACE

Honours fall thick on the Chief Scout, but none could afford him greater pleasure, or his worldwide army of Scouts greater satisfaction, than that of the Wateler Peace Prize.

It is for the person "who has rendered the most valuable services to the cause of peace or contributed to finding means of combating war." It was founded by a Dutchman, and none will deny that the man who has taught, and is teaching, the young generation of boys all over the world the virtues of goodwill and good-fellowship with all and sundry deserves it.

The Chief Scout is a prophet honoured not only in his own country but in every other, from China to Peru.

THE NORTH POLE MEN

The Russian scientific expedition now studying conditions at the North Pole reports a warm current from the Atlantic. The current is really cold, but it is spoken of as warm when compared with the surrounding water.

Flowing from 300 to about 600 yards below the surface, its temperature is above zero, though the water above and below is below zero.

A DELIVERY RECORD

One January day in 1906 a boy dropped a postcard in a pillar-box near Scarborough.

It was delivered in Leeds a few days ago, having been in the post 31 years. As our postal rates have gone up since 1906 there was a penny surcharge to pay.

The little boy who wrote this message is now the father of a family, and though he has smiled to see his own childish handwriting again after all these years, he is sad to think that his mother never saw his postcard. For she is dead.



A transport contrast in Glasgow

THE BIRD ON THE TRAIN

An LNER engine-driver, driving an express between Selby and Bridlington, heard something strike the engine.

Looking out, he saw a large bird fastened under the handrail of the train, and naturally thought the bird was dead. But three miles farther on, as the train rounded a curve, the wind, blowing across the engine blew the bird loose. The driver expected it to drop, but it flew off as if nothing had happened. It was a big hawk.

SCHOOL FOR LOBSTERS

In New York baby lobsters are being trained to dive in one of the Government's hatcheries by running them down an inclined board into the water.

This is not for the purpose of giving them a slim and elegant figure, but because they are liable to be eaten by bigger fish during their infancy unless they get quickly to the secluded quarters of the sea bottom.

Even parrots can now go to the mud baths of Pistany in Czecho-Slovakia, and grow a new crop of feathers when baldness threatens them; and a rheumatic cat can get rid of the symptoms of incipient arthritis.

The Bully of the Zoo

THE Whipsnade Zoo has lost a notorious character, a brindled gnu, whose evil temper caused him to be called Satan. He has died there, five years after his arrival from London, which kept him for a year following his coming over from South Africa.

Even his keepers feared Satan, for, with the strength of a horse and the agility of a cat, he had the fierce, untamable temper peculiar to his species, and would gore and trample an opponent or a friend with the least provocation.

The tales told of him suggest that Satan was the only dangerous gnu we have or have had. The truth is that all gnus are formidable, fierce, and treacherous, even those bred at the Zoo. With an ox-like head, armed with terrible

horns, the gnu, with his horse-like body and tail, is compact of energy and sly ferocity. In a wild state, when faced by an enemy, it leaps and curvets and prances, and then falls to attacking its fellows, as if to maintain the right degree of temper for an assault on a real foe.

The determination to keep fighting fit accompanies it into captivity, and is transmitted to its young, and only the stoutest of iron and timbers keep it safe when it charges with its mighty horned head lowered for battle. The Zoo keepers have to handle elephants, lions, tigers, bears, rhinoceroses, hippopotamuses, and other fierce beasts, but they have come to consider these all relatively mild and dependable in comparison with the freakish, frantic gnu.



Bored

THE GOLDEN DUSTMAN

The new Golden Dustman is a Tottenham man. He is Councillor Benbow, himself once a practical dustman, who has now used his special knowledge to improve Tottenham's refuse collection.

Owing to his advocacy the Council provides each householder with a special refuse container provided with a hinged lid. This bin is emptied by the dustman by attaching it to hooks on the dustcart, and when it is tilted up the lid automatically opens. The joint formed while this is done has a perfect seal, so that the escape of dust is impossible.

The dustcarts cost £1200 each, but labour as well as dirt is saved.

APPLE PIE AND CHEESE

We all know that one of Yorkshire's favourite dishes is apple pie and cheese.

Not long ago a Russian man of business called to see the director of a big firm near Bradford, placed an order, and was taken out to lunch. He enjoyed the meal, but he was most interested in the last course, which was apple pie and cheese. He had never eaten the two together, and the novelty thrilled him.

A month or two later the Russian again visited the firm, another of his countrymen with him. Again they went out to lunch, but every course was declined till the apple pie and cheese appeared. Then the Russians asked for double helpings.

The Yorkshireman is certain that his second order was founded on apple pie and cheese, and he likes to think that even if Russia is conquering the Pole she has something to learn from the county which invented apple pie and cheese.

ALL-METAL AIRSHIP

In no matter is the indomitable courage of men more strikingly exhibited than in the building of the glorified balloons we call airships. Despite the terrible fate that has attended so many of them construction continues.

The Graf Zeppelin is being succeeded by a bigger and better ship, which is to be inflated with non-explosive helium gas. In the United States a Mr John Dingell has introduced into Congress a bill to provide £1,200,000 to build an all-metal airship, half the size of the Graf Zeppelin. Upheld by helium, it promises safety and durability. "Tin cans can fly!" says Mr Dingell.

OXYGEN FOR HIGH FLYERS

Commercial aircraft flying at heights of 15,000 feet must in future carry a supply of oxygen.

This rule made by the Air Ministry is in anticipation of the coming era in flight, when planes either in order to cross mountain ranges or to find safer and speedier conditions for flying, seek high altitudes above the clouds.

At present British air-liners seldom travel as high, but each year the range of air voyages over continent and ocean is extended, and the time is coming when the plane will often seek altitudes when oxygen may be necessary to enable pilot or passenger to breathe in comfort.

DIALECT

From Yorkshire comes this story of the school-teacher who was trying to stamp out dialect in a lonely village. One of her scholars having written the word putten in his composition, the teacher said severely, "Look at this sentence and tell me what is wrong."

For a moment the lad stared hard at the sentence, then, with a sudden inspiration, he replied, "Why, Miss, ah've gone an' putten putten wheer ah owt ti hev' putten put."

GRANDMOTHER'S GARDEN

The nursery gardeners are up against a new problem.

Up till now they have been hard put to it to find enough new varieties and new colours, and have organised their plots to that end. Now their customers are demanding the old flowers of grandmother's day.

Exhibitors at a horticultural show recently were asking anxiously for reasons for such a change of taste. Whatever the reason, the growers could have sold their sweet-williams and peonies over and over again.

A NEW HOBBY

Collecting ships' log-books is one of the latest American hobbies.

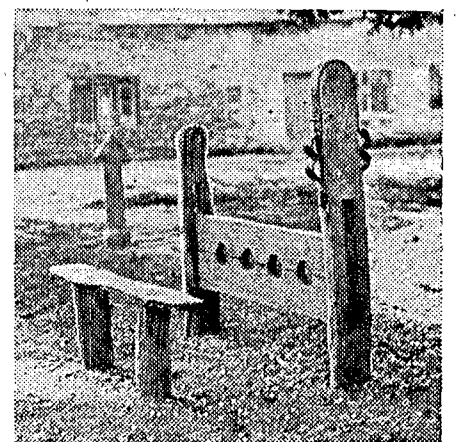
The most interesting logs are those of old sailing ships, especially whalers from New England and Long Island. In some of these are thrilling stories of adventures in storm and tempest; and often the experiences recorded are illustrated with rough sketches.

The Director of the New York Aquarium has found these logs of value in studying the distribution of whales.

KEEPING OUT NOISE

Cork facings for city buildings to absorb street noises is the latest idea in noise abatement.

Professor L. Wilkinson of Sydney University suggests this, and thinks that, though the cork may not last for a long time, the experiment would be well worth making, and should prove a great boon to modern city life.



The old stocks at Market Overton, Rutland

A FISHERMAN'S PETS

A Bridlington fisherman walking along the shore one day came upon two baby seals. They were splashing about in shallow water, and, after chasing them a little way up the sand, he picked them up and carried them home. They are now so tame that they eat out of his hand.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

JULY 24 1937

Set in a Silver Sea

IT is great news that two out of every three of our English acres are now under planned control.

The whole of the Midlands and Lancashire, much of Yorkshire and the North, all the South except North Devon, parts of Cornwall and the Isle of Wight, are safe from being spoiled by careless development. Beauty spots such as the Lake District, the Cotswolds, the Downs, the New Forest, the Peak, and the Broads are under control.

The manifold beauties of England are supposed to be preserved; it remains to see that petrol pumps and advertisements are brought to obedience, and that rural housing is conducted with dignity. Beyond all that we must hope for the preservation of the working life of the countryside; for such an organisation of agriculture as will cause happy lives to be set in an environment of treasured beauty.

If we could only say that two out of three of our acres had been brought to a condition of high fertility, yielding at once more food and more healthy human life!

We have a new Minister of Agriculture in Mr W. S. Morrison, and he bids us look forward to an extended wheat acreage capable of producing eight million quarters, and to the improvement of that extensive grassland which is so great a national asset.

The farmer is to be helped financially to make our soil thoroughly fertile. He is to be assisted to purchase lime and basic slag—two splendid fertilisers.

Other steps to improve our land include grants of from a third to a half of the expenditure of drainage authorities, to encourage them to rid us of all waterlogged soil.

By these means we shall in effect add to our small British area. Wheat will appear where now is swamp and waste.

Animal diseases are to be tackled with vigour. The tuberculous cows, now said to be 40 in each 100 of our stock, are to disappear. From pigs and poultry disease is to be stamped out.

All this means that at last we are beginning to value our island at its true worth. How lovely it is, and how much more useful it may be made! Let us encourage all efforts to ban what is ugly and wasteful, and encourage our rulers to redouble their efforts to preserve our noble heritage.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



A Few Words From Space

TRULY it is an incredible world. Picking up the wireless for an odd moment the other afternoon we caught the words "The Germans are running away from Jesus." A talk on the return to paganism in Germany, we imagined; but no: just a talk on Henley Regatta, where the Germans were racing a crew of Jesus College.

The Enemy of Man

THINGS have been getting better, but still Governments have to walk warily, and to beware of exciting fear, the chief enemy of human progress. How easy it would be to get back to the fearful conditions that destroyed confidence some years ago!

Alike in Britain, France, and the United States there are new fears. Here the Chancellor's idea of a Profits Tax has lately frightened markets. In France the Government has been threatened by strikes and demands for huge expenditure difficult to meet. In America there is grave uneasiness.

The three countries naturally react upon one another, and it is only too clear that it is needful to take care before we think the world is safe.

The Lout and His Litter

IT is hoped that before long there will be no litter louts in Glasgow.

If there are they will soon grow poor, for a new bylaw makes littering streets and parks an offence for which the culprit may be brought before the magistrates and fined. The City Fathers are determined to make Glasgow less untidy, and people throwing tickets or papers or cartons or other unwanted things into the gutter are liable to arrest.

The C N is convinced that the power to fine at sight is the only sure cure of the lout and his litter.

How They Spell

PEOPLE interested in spelling reform, which means spelling according to sound, should be interested in an item The Times has just discovered in one of its back numbers.

It is a notice pasted up in a London greengrocer's shop window, and runs, "Hay, Sack, and Flour, to let." That is spelling according to the sound of words as understood by their user. The meaning of the advertisement was that there was a second floor to let, as if one should say, "Hi! Second Floor to let."

To spell according to sound is not so simple as we are asked to believe. We remember a letter sent to a schoolmaster explaining that a child "as some panes in his stumick."

Poor and Blind

A blind man is a poor man, and blind a poor man is, For the former seeth no man, and the latter no man sees. Longfellow

Our New Language

THE films are certainly adorning our language.

The word release has come into new use through its employment to describe the issue of a film for exhibition. We now find it, in the dignified Times, applied to the publication of a Government paper.

Speaking of the report on Palestine it says, "Mr Ormsby-Gore was able to tell the House of Commons that it was prepared to release the Report for publication on the morning of July 8."

In the days before the films to release meant to free from restraint.

Tip-Cat

SOME things ought to be put down, declares a politician. Is probably thinking of writing his Life.

THERE is a lot of snobbery on the river. People won't row in with each other.

A POET says there is nothing so delightful on a summer day as lying in long grass. A back-to-the-land policy.

IT is strange how things turn up, says a writer. Did he mean noses?

Peter Puck
Wants
To Know

If slimming
is belittling



WASHING frocks are reduced at the summer sales. Some will be still more reduced when they are washed.

SOMEONE has been giving away the Government's electricity secrets. Thought they were just current news.

CHILDREN should take up the work that attracts them. Look after their own interests.

THE BROADCASTER

C N Calling the World

ROTHERHAM proposes to remove old guns from its parks.

YORK is disposing of its war memorial tank and several cannon.

ABOUT 30,000 acres have now been acquired for London's Green Belt.

THE Miners Welfare Committee has now completed 195 schemes for pithead baths.

JUST AN IDEA

That is a fine saying of Robert Hichens—that a man is always pursued by what he runs away from, and can always make a friend of what he stands up to.

THE REASON

By The Pilgrim

HE always had money to spare. A student at one of our universities, he ran a sports car, was often on the Continent, and never hesitated to buy rare books at high prices if they took his fancy.

It was a surprise to us when we found him lodging in a back street. He had two rooms in a very small house overlooking grubby backyards and dustbins.

Insisting on our staying for a cup of tea, he went down himself to fetch it.

"She finds it hard work coming upstairs," he explained, as he brought in the tray with its very ordinary white cups and saucers.

"You mean the lady of the house?"

"Yes," he said; "she and her old man. They are both over seventy, and very charming. They lost a son in the war. I happened to hear about them, and I thought it would help them if I let them put me up. After all, it isn't the view I want, but somewhere to store my books; and the money I pay them makes all the difference in the world."

Let Us Remember

SOME of us enjoy the hot weather. Summer days with cloudless skies and warm winds are ideal for picnics on the moors and days by the sea, but not everyone is fortunate enough to be able to spend them so easily.

Let us remember porters struggling with heavy luggage during the holiday season; bus and tram conductors for ever running up and down stairs; waitresses and hotel maids tired out before half their day is done.

Let us remember cooks and scullery maids who hardly know how to keep cool, and all poor folk living in what remain of our slums, their little houses in streets where fresh air never seems to find its way, their small bedrooms stiflingly hot all through the night.

Let us remember those for whom summer brings more work instead of holidays; and especially let us think of all who have to lie in bed, longing for a breath of cool air which never comes, restless through the day, and unable to sleep at night. They are a few of the burden bearers of these glorious days: we should remember them.

John Milton Gives Thanks

Let us with a gladsome mind Praise the Lord, for He is kind:

Let us blaze His name abroad, For of gods He is the Lord;

He, with all-commanding might, Filled the new-made world with light:

All things living He doth feed, His full hand supplies their need:

He His chosen race did bless In the wasteful wilderness:

Let us then with gladsome mind Praise the Lord, for He is kind:

For His mercies aye endure, Ever faithful, ever sure.

THERE is a remarkable figure flitting through one of the most dramatic pages of our history, a man of whom we know hardly anything though we would gladly know more.

He appears in the terrible reign of Mary Tudor, who believed she was doing right in burning her Protestant subjects. The fires of Smithfield were lighted, and into them walked the bravest men and women of their age, while judges and nobles, and even Queen Mary (it is said), looked on.

The names of many of the martyrs of Queen Mary's day are familiar to us. Latimer and Ridley and Hooper and Cranmer we know, and many others. But who knows anything of the man who was a friend indeed to a host of them because he was ever a friend in need?

He remains one of the mystery men of the age. Nowhere do we read much about him. After nearly four centuries he seems no more than a shadow flitting among the martyrs, an apparition different from most because he brought comfort instead of fear. We catch a glimpse of him at Oxford, and see him hurrying along a London street, but we never come face to face with him.

Always Found Where He is Needed Most

If there is a martyr in prison we may be sure this little-known man will find his way into the condemned cell. If there are faggots piled up in a marketplace we can count on this good friend being somewhere near, lending his arm to the one who is walking to his death, or taking care of the wife and children he is leaving behind. Like Peter's good angel, he is always found where he is needed most. He never won fame. He did not die a martyr's death. Few books have any mention of him; but he went about doing good in secret, a source of joy and consolation to many whose lives lit up the dark days of Mary Tudor.

To get to know even a little of him we have to peep behind the scenes. We do not read the story of his own life, but we trace him in the lives of others. His name was Augustine Bernher. When he was born we do not know, and we do not know when he died, but we think he was either a Swiss or a Belgian, and that he was ministering to a London congregation about 1554. Why he was in England and how he came here are

THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL OF MARY TUDOR'S DAY

mysteries. Whether he was rich or poor, learned or simple is not clear, but we know he was the servant and confidant of Latimer, whom he regarded as a saint and hero. He was Latimer's friend in good times, and he remained his friend when evil days befell.

Three Famous Prisoners in the Tower of London

ONE of the evil days came in September 1553, when Latimer, Ridley, and Cranmer were imprisoned in the Tower. Only one servant was allowed to wait on Latimer, and he was Augustine Bernher, who did what he could, faithfully discharging every duty. But for Augustine Bernher Latimer would have wanted for many comforts. As it was he had little more than bare necessities, and as winter drew on he confessed that rather than die by fire he was likely to die of cold. Augustine was untiring in his efforts to make Latimer's imprisonment less harsh, and when his master and Ridley were allowed to prepare their defence he made notes for them, and carefully copied out the writings. Counting his own life as worthless, he escaped ill-treatment by a miracle, and for weary months continued to wait on Latimer and his two friends when they were sent to Oxford, where they disputed with the divines. How devotedly he served the prisoners we gather from a letter Ridley wrote to him in December 1554. He says:

Brother Augustine, you are most heartily welcome to Oxford again. Ye for our comfort run up and down, and who beareth the charges, God knoweth. I pray you, take 3s 4d toward your charges.

We do not know if Augustine took his 3s 4d, but we should be surprised if he did. All through the long months of imprisonment he rejoiced to serve the dauntless three, and when Cranmer had died, and Latimer and Ridley had lighted "such a candle as by God's grace should not be put out," he was still behind the scenes.

There was Bishop Jewel who had signed articles at Oxford which he did not believe, and which conscience told him he should not have signed. Falling under the suspicion of Bishop Bonner, he sought to save his life by running from Oxford at night. He was on foot and penniless, and his chances of getting away were small indeed. He had not gone far when he was terrified by a man riding up behind him. For a moment Bishop Jewel thought all was lost. He looked up to see, not a cruel face, but a kindly one.

There was no time for explanations, not even time for thanks; and in a few minutes Jewel found himself astride a good horse. With money in his pocket he was able to reach the house of a pious woman who helped him to London, where Sir Nicholas Throgmorton smuggled him off to Frankfurt.

Working For Others in Dangerous Places

THE friend who had come upon him so unexpectedly was of course the inestimable Augustine Bernher, the Scarlet Pimpernel of Mary Tudor's day, and the man to whom Bishop Jewel most certainly owed his life.

There is no end to the miracles Augustine wrought. Never in the limelight, always behind the scenes, he was the friend of the friendless, the mystery man who never forsook the martyrs. He turns up in the most astonishing places. We find him keeping a persecuted Protestant's wife and children from starvation. We see him boldly winning his way into the presence of John Careless; and if we read between the lines in a letter John Careless wrote him in 1556 we may be sure this friend of martyrs had been in danger.

My dear and faithful brother Augustine (John Careless writes) right glad I am to hear that God of his great mercy and goodness graciously delivered you out of your enemies' hands. Know you that I have received your letter, for which I heartily thank you. I praise

and commend your goodness in putting yourself in danger when any one of God's people needeth your help, but I would not have you run into danger. I beseech you, good Augustine, help me with your prayers, for I trust I have but a small time to tarry in this troublesome world.

The Day When Joyce Lewis Walked Out To Die

FEARLESSLY Augustine Bernher won his way into the Tower, where he was one of the few who talked with Cuthbert Sympton after he had been racked. We read of his being one of two who walked with Joyce Lewis to the stake at Lichfield. The only daughter of Thomas Curzon of Croxall in Staffordshire, she had been a strict Catholic, but the brave way in which Laurence Saunders had died had turned her thoughts to the Protestant faith. For a year she was in prison, cut off from her husband and children, and when at last the day dawned on which she was to die she was calmly waiting for it. She was to suffer at nine in the morning; and in her last moments it was Augustine Bernher who supported her, speaking cheerily, and promising that he would do all she begged him to do. Faithfully he discharged his promise.

Poor Robert Glover who had helped to lead Joyce Lewis to the truth met his end magnificently; but an hour before it came he was afraid of the flames. He shrunk from the frightful ordeal. Who should strengthen him in his weakness but Augustine Bernher? When others had deserted the condemned martyr Augustine remained. He talked so tenderly and encouragingly that presently Robert looked up with shining eyes, clapped his hands for very joy, and hastened to the stake as if to a wedding feast.

John Bradford, the martyr, knew Augustine and loved him, and from a letter we see that he valued his friendship above most things.

My own good Augustine, the Lord bless thee (he wrote). I have good hope that if you come late at night I shall speak with you, but come as secretly as you can. It is said I shall be burned at Smithfield, and that shortly. The Lord's will be done. Ah, mine own sweet friend, I am now alone. The keeper telleth me it is death for any to speak with me, but I trust I shall speak with you.

Augustine went. He never once thought of himself.

From First to Last a Man Behind the Scenes

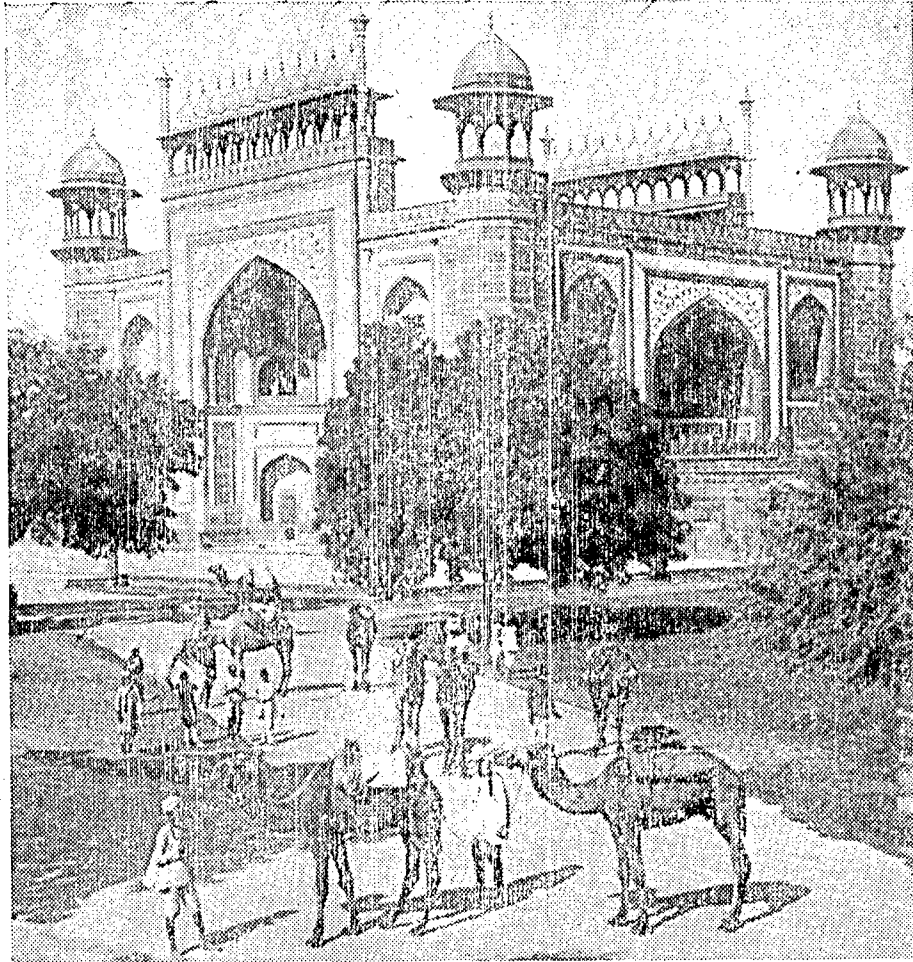
WHAT manner of man was this whom so many called friend, and on whom so many depended? How did he find his way into closely guarded prisons, and out again? Had he a charmed life? Flitting through the cells of the noblest men in England, serving persecuted people, why was he not arrested?

We would give much to know more of him, but there is hardly anything more to know. He comes into the tragic picture of the persecutions of Mary's day, is here and there a moment or two, and then is seen no more. We hear of his blessing, comforting, helping, strengthening, cheering, and then he vanishes. From first to last he was a man behind the scenes; but we believe there were few braver men in England, and few who served better than Augustine Bernher, the martyr's friend.

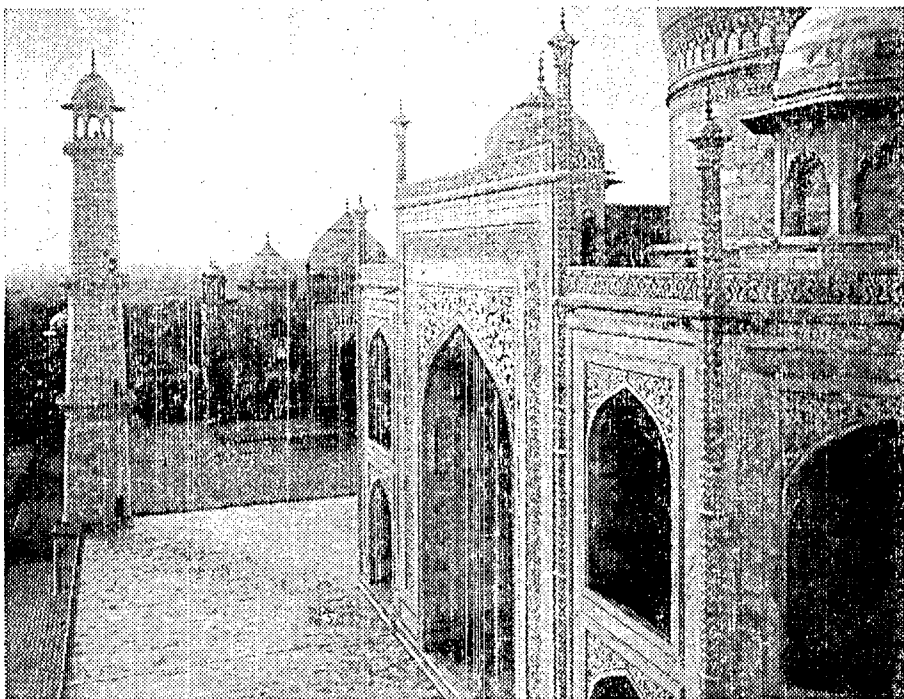


In good times and in bad Augustine Bernher was the friend of Latimer, who is seen here preaching at Paul's Cross.

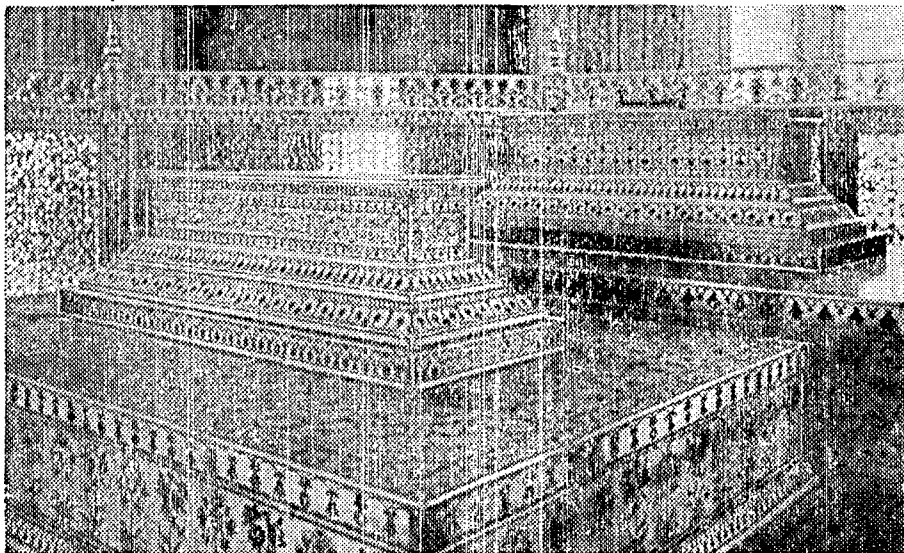
THE TAJ MAHAL AND ITS SLEEPING LADY



The beautiful gateway to the Taj Mahal



The great archway above the entrance as seen from one of the minarets



The tombs of Mumtaz Mahal and Shah Jahan beneath the great dome

The lovely Taj Mahal, one of the gems of architecture in the East, is to be restored and made worthy of its fame as one of the wonders of the world. The Government of India is to pay for it.

Not quite three centuries ago Ustad Isa was building this immortal monument under which an Indian lady sleeps.

You have never heard the name, perhaps, of Ustad Isa; you have never heard the name of the lady sleeping under his great dome—Arjumand Banu Bejam; and yet these names have lived while centuries have gone, and perhaps may live as long as men will talk of India, for she is the sleeping lady of Taj Mahal, and he was its builder.

A wondrous thing to look upon is Taj Mahal, the unmatched glory of a dazzling empire. There is nothing more fair on earth; it rises from the ground as if it were a flower growing there. But wonderful and more lovely yet is the story of the Taj, for this monument, this thing of beauty and joy for ever, was set up for the everlasting glory of a woman in a land where woman held a very lowly place.

Loveliest Resting-Place on Earth

AN emperor of India loved the young and beautiful girl, who saved him from evil and helped him to rule his people well, so that when she died his heart was broken, and, caring nothing how little his people thought of woman, he set up this place for her to sleep in, wishing it to be the loveliest resting-place on earth. And so it is.

By the picturesque city of Agra, against a sky of blazing blue and a mass of green trees, the dome of beauty of the Taj Mahal rises amid its minarets. Rows of slim cypresses lead to this loveliest of all the buildings of Hindustan, and between the trees a stretch of still water, embanked in marble, mirrors the perfect scene.

All the romance of old Indian life seems to have been built into this pearl-white wonder of art. Taj Mahal is the tomb of a woman, and it stands alike for the glory of the past and for the promise of the future of the peoples of Asia. Far beyond India its influence extends. Men and women on the desert frontier of China lovingly talk of it. Craftsmen in Samarkand and Teheran draw pride from it. Their fathers helped to build it in the days of Oliver Cromwell, when the greatest English architect, Sir Christopher Wren, was a boy at school.

The Humble Position of Women in Asia

GREAT as is its loveliness, its spiritual significance is greater still. When the women of the nations of Asia obtain equal power with men they will regard the Taj as the symbol of their freedom.

Women occupy a very humble position in Asia. The Editor of the CN will never forget two boys who called to see him on a holiday from India, telling him everything about their home and their father but only

smiling curiously when he asked about their mother. One of the chief reasons why the civilisations of Asia have rarely achieved any sustained progress is that the mothers of the ruling castes are starved in mind and dwarfed in character. This is what makes it so remarkable that the greatest monument in the world to the power of a woman is to be found at Agra.

From the deep shadow of a great arch comes the fairy vision of the Taj Mahal as we approach it, glistening with precious stones. It is something that is felt rather than understood. No other building can be compared with it. It is, perhaps, the only expression of the spirit of womanhood among all the great works of architecture.

Mumtaz Mahal, the Crown of the Palace

It is to a woman of a wild barbaric race that this lovely monument was built. She was a Tartar, and her race, wandering, tent-dwelling, horse-breeding savages of the great Asian desert, had made one of their periodic swoops on civilised countries. Under a descendant of Tamerlane they were throned in power in India, and the young girl was taken in marriage in 1612 by a Mogul prince of Agra, who changed her name from Arjumand Banu Bejam to Mumtaz Mahal, or the Crown of the Palace.

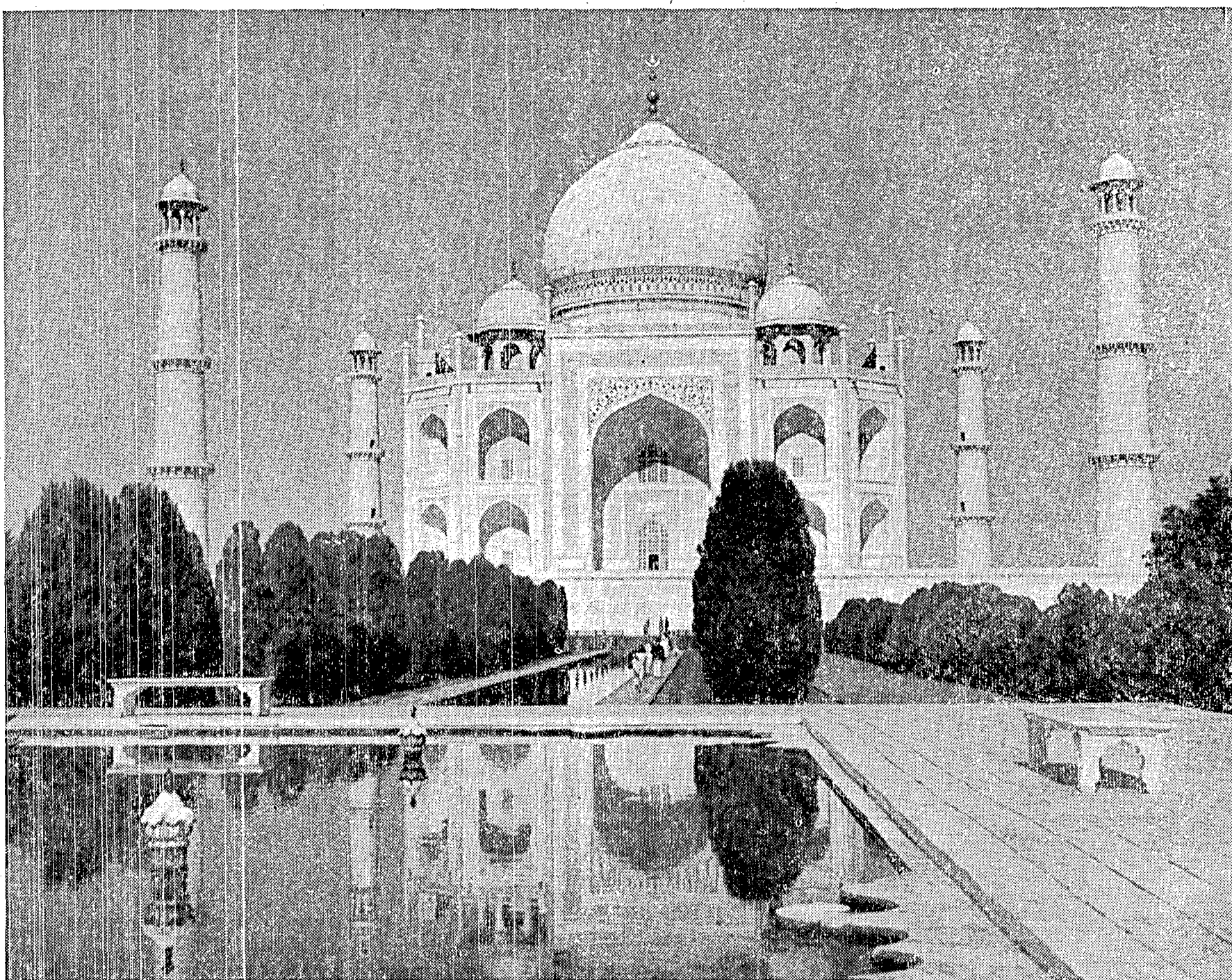
There was no flattery in this title for Mumtaz was the crown of her race. Not only was she a girl of greater personal beauty, but she had a fine mind and strong character. She guided her husband in his undertakings, and was a real working companion to him.

The Moguls had not then lost the best of their savage traditions. Though they were lords of a great empire, they built their palaces for show, and lived in the open air in gardens. Their women would not submit to harem life like other Moslems, or withdraw to zenana life like the Hindus. Strong and self-reliant, they were determined not to sink to the level of the women around them.

Kindness That Won the Hearts of the People

MUMTAZ became the leader of these women in the first part of the 17th century. At 19 she was married to the royal prince of Agra, and she set to work to reform him and his Court.

She went with him on long journeys, went with him to battle, keeping him charmed with her wit and beauty while she guided his actions. When her husband became Emperor of India, Mumtaz took over a share in the actual work of government, and her influence was used to win the hearts of the people by kindness and good administration. The end of the Mogul Empire began in 1630, when this great woman died in the prime of life, while accompanying her husband to battle.



The lovely Taj Mahal at Agra, built by Ustad Isa as the resting-place of Mumtaz Mahal

Shah Jehan knew what he had lost. He felt helpless without his wife, and would have abdicated if any of his children had been old enough to act as emperor. He refused to see his ministers, or do any State business, or go on with the war. No music, no feasts, no fine clothes or jewels were allowed for two years. His wife had struggled to help the common people by discouraging the extravagance of the Mogul nobility, and he saw that her wishes were carried out. He saved all he could, but all he saved he resolved to spend on a monument to the woman who had saved him.

He chose a garden for his wife to sleep in, a garden by the River Jumna. He had drawings made of the most famous buildings on earth. He brought master-artists from Italy, Constantinople, Mesopotamia, and other lands. A man who seems to have been part Greek, part Turk, and part Persian won the competition. His name was Ustad Isa.

He was happy in finding a work by Jehan's ancestor on which he could base his plan. Masons came from Bagdad, from the Ganges, and from the Punjab. Builders came from Anatolia and Samarkand, and mosaic workers from Italy, Persia, and Bag-

dad. Twenty thousand men were kept working for about 17 years, and precious stones were brought from China, Ceylon, Tibet, Arabia, and Persia. A French silversmith made two silver doors, and a sheet of pearls was designed to cover the tomb. A fortune was spent on rich silk, carpets, golden lamps, and jewelled candlesticks, and a screen of gold studded with gems, now vanished, was made to enclose the tomb. It is said that the cost of the Taj Mahal was from four to ten million pounds.

The Great Moguls and Their Love of Beauty

ALL this seemed like the gorgeousness of savage taste. In England John Milton heard of the building of the Taj, and sang of the Orient showering on her kings barbaric gold and pearl. But the great Moguls had an extraordinary fineness of mind amid all their magnificence. Perhaps their intense love of natural beauty kept their sense delicate and true.

The design of the Taj is simple, and depends for its effect on spacing and proportion, and on the art of leading the eye by landscape gardening to the appreciation of the great work in stone. All the main outlines are broad and

simple. From a marble terrace rises the white dome, flanked on both sides by two noble mosques of red sandstone, each inlaid with white marble. Four minarets, like slender and lovely Court ladies tending their empress, stand about the dome, and the distant effect is like that of a graceful woman whose bearing and silhouette please the eye before we come near enough to observe her fine features and delicate attire. When the shrine is closely approached the wealth of its subdued decoration captures the mind with a gust of delight. Though the marble seems pure white in the distance, there are cut into it low reliefs of lilies, tulips, and crown imperials. The panels are framed in jasper, coral, turquoise, sardonyx, and other precious stones.

Within the tomb a soft, subdued light plays on a screen of marble tracery which now replaces the original screen of gold. It is an exquisite lacework of fine stone on which artists laboured for ten years in the golden age of Mogul art. Enclosed in the screen are the tombs of Mumtaz Mahal and Shah Jehan, whose bodies rest in a vault beneath. Everlasting Persian flowers are wrought in the white marble of the cenotaph of the empress,

bringing the Mogul tradition of a garden grave into the gravestone.

Shah Jehan intended that soft melodies and religious chants should echo for ever in this great monument. When a loud noise is made in the chamber of the tomb there is no response, but if a few notes are softly sung the music is repeated in dying harmonies, until it seems as if the choir of heaven were singing from the dome—as though the spirit of love that inspired the Taj has found a voice.

The Stones That Seem To Sing

THE master-masons of the Mogul emperor knew how to build. They could make stones seem to sing with magical beauty, while setting them in jewel-like splendour. Their religion prevented them from adorning the building with sculpture, and they could not set the figure of Mumtaz above her tomb. They could only represent her rare personality.

The Taj Mahal is not merely the wonder of India, it is the wonder of the modern world, and it stands for one of the greatest things in the history of mankind. So it is that the Government is restoring this enchantment to all its original beauty.

What is a Peanut, God? And Why Did You Make It?

This was the prayer of a slave-child who grew up to be a famous man and told the American Parliament that he had offered this prayer and found the answer.

WHEN you do the common things of life in an uncommon way you will command the attention of the world was the idea that has made a name for this nameless slave-child. This Negro baby, at the age of six months, was exchanged for a broken-down horse, and has grown up to make a great name for himself, as all C.N. readers know. George Washington Carver has helped countless thousands of his fellow men. This is his story:

In a rough slave cabin on the plantation of some people named Carver, in the State of Missouri, 72 years ago, this Negro child was born. He has no recollection of his father or mother, for when he was still a little piccaninny, unable to walk, a band of robbers raided the Carver place and stole the slaves. By the time Mr Carver and his friends caught up with the robbers the baby had whooping cough so badly that they thought he would die. His mother was gone—whether sold or killed, no one ever knew.

Mr Carver must have been a kindly man, for he offered to trade one of his old racehorses for this mite of humanity, and the robbers jumped at the bargain. So the sickly child came to the home of the Carvers, where he grew up knowing no other parents than the white folk whose name he now bears.

Because he was such a truthful small boy they nicknamed him George Washington, and it stuck.

The Poor Student Who Lived on Fivepence a Week

THERE was no money in the Carver family to help this orphan lad to an education, but they placed no obstacles in his way when he said he wanted to go to live in the nearest town and go to school. He slept in a barn, did odd jobs for his food, and so struggled along for years until he could matriculate.

The first college to which he applied for admission, by letter, accepted him; but when he arrived and they saw the colour of his skin they advised him to go elsewhere. At length he was admitted to a college in Iowa. After paying his fees he had just fivepence left to live on for a week. He made it do, buying maize-meal and suet.

With every penny of his expenses to earn, it took him seven years to obtain



Dr Carver in his laboratory at Tuskegee Institute

his doctor's degree; but his work had so impressed the State University that they asked him to join the faculty. Here he was teaching when that great leader of the coloured race, Booker Washington, invited him to Tuskegee Institute to teach his own people.

Eagerly Dr Carver seized the opportunity to help the poverty-stricken Negroes of the South. He saw that they were ruining both the market for cotton and the land on which it grew by planting nothing but cotton year after year. He persuaded thousands of Negro farmers to plant sweet potatoes and peanuts alternately with cotton. This benefited the land but produced a glut. At that time people thought of the peanut as chiefly useful in amusement parks and at the circus.

Surely, Dr Carver thought, there were many things one could do with the peanut, rich in nitrogen and oil as it is! He shut himself up in his laboratory and worked night and day to find out what these things were. Under his

skilled hands the peanut turned out to be almost as versatile as the Soya bean. He discovered 300 ways of using it, including sweets, biscuits, cheese, a coffee substitute, pickles, salad oil, frying oil, lard, shampoo and shaving lotions, soaps, dyes, flour, linoleum, printer's ink, and axle-grease.

At the same time he also tackled the sweet potato. From this he made over 100 products, such as starch, library paste, shoe polish, ink, dyes, and vinegar.

Thanks to Dr Carver's work, farmers in the Southern States now obtain over £12,000,000 a year from the sale of their peanut crop. He has done more than any other man to improve agriculture in this region.

Once, when the case of the peanut was being argued in Congress, a dozen men pleaded its cause. Each was cut short at the end of his allotted ten minutes. The State Representatives yawned, they were bored to death with the peanut, but there was one speaker more. A thin, bent, old Negro spread out

scores of products on the table before him. Here, he said, was the answer to a question he had asked humbly: "What is a peanut, God? And why did You make it?"

In the next ten minutes the old man told what he could of God's answer; then he bowed and went back to his seat. But the Congressmen had awakened up; they wanted to hear more, a lot more! They called Dr Carver back and listened attentively to what he had to tell them for the next hour and three quarters!

He had done one of the common things of life in an uncommon way, and commanded the attention of Congress!

Although Dr Carver has spent his life trying to mitigate the poverty of his people, he cares nothing for money himself. He gives away most of his salary, quietly playing fairy godfather to struggling young men who are trying to get an education, helping white boys and black ones alike.

And once, when some rich peanut-growers in Florida were struggling with some strange disease that had attacked their plants, they sent some of the sick vines to Dr Carver and asked his advice. The peanut wizard found out what was wrong and told the growers what to do.

The growers sent Dr Carver a cheque which he returned, saying "God does not charge for growing the peanut; why should I charge for curing it?"

Alone in the Woods With the Things He Loves Most

DR CARVER has many accomplishments. He is a fine musician, and he is an artist of note. The Luxembourg Gallery in Paris has purchased a picture painted by him with materials he manufactured himself. He also makes beautiful rugs and is an excellent cook.

His interests are so many and varied that his friends wonder how he finds time for them all.

"I've made it a rule to get up at four every morning," he explains. "I go out into the woods. Alone there with the things I love most, I gather specimens and study the lessons Nature is so willing to teach. In the woods each morning, while most other people are sleeping, I hear and understand God's plan for me."

C.N. readers will be glad to hear that Tuskegee Institute unveiled a bronze last month in honour of this selfless worker's 40 years of service for his race.

The Men and Women on the Map

It has been suggested that some part of the Empire should be named after Stanley Baldwin in honour of his services as Prime Minister.

It is a good idea, but it comes too late, for a peak in the Rocky Mountains was named Mount Stanley Baldwin ten years ago.

Our maps are well sprinkled with the names of eminent men and women. Many of our English, Welsh, or Scottish place-names enshrine the memory of some venerated saint; we have St Albans in Hertfordshire, Bury St Edmunds in Suffolk, St Andrews in Scotland, St David's Head in Wales. Kings and queens have left their names on the map, and we find Alexandria in Egypt to link today with the conqueror from Macedonia. In South Carolina is Charleston, named after Charles the Second of England.

Australia has the state of Victoria, the Arctic regions have Victoria Land, and Africa has Victoria Nyanza, all commemorating our great queen. There is Kaiser William the Second Land in

the Antarctic, King George Sound in Australia, and Georgia, named after George the Second of England.

The famous men and women on the map are to be counted by the score. Many are so immortalised not because they were famous explorers or pioneers, but because others were anxious to keep their memory green. America, which has its capital named after George Washington, has at least three cities with the name of Lincoln. Baltimore was named in honour of the Lords Baltimore, founders of the province of Maryland. Melbourne and Gladstone in Australia enshrine the names of statesmen of Victoria's day. Russia has changed Petrograd to Leningrad to commemorate its Bolshevik leader, who died in 1924. There is the Bismarck Archipelago in New Guinea.

Towering above all the mighty peaks of the Himalayas is Mount Everest, the highest monument any man has ever had, named in honour of Sir George Everest, who was the first to fix the mountain's position and altitude.

But by far the greater number of people whose names are on the map were adventurers and explorers, men with intrepid and indomitable spirits who led the way to the far north or the far south, or blazed a trail into the heart of Africa or across the deserts of Australia. The man with the biggest area of land to his name, almost 17 million square miles, was Amerigo Vespucci, the Italian who claimed to have discovered the New World.

Magellan, the fearless Portuguese navigator who was the first to sail round the world, has his name immortalised in the strait between South America and Tierra del Fuego. Tasmania enshrines the name of Abel Tasman, the 17th century Dutch explorer.

If we look at a map of the Arctic Regions we shall find it covered with the names of daring men who won immortality at the cost of hardship and suffering, often at the cost of their lives. As long as Hudson Bay is to be found in Canada men will honour Henry Hudson, the brave sailor who discovered

the sea which now bears his name, and was left to perish on its waters in 1611.

There is Melville Sound, McKinley Sea, M'Clintock Bay, Parry Island, Cape McClure, Bering Strait (keeping alive the adventures of the Danish explorer who perished in 1741), all monuments to men who faced danger with high courage. Baffin Bay, Davis Strait, Franklin Bay, Smith Sound, Peary Land, there seems no end to them. It is much the same in the Antarctic, where we find the Weddell Sea in memory of James Weddell, Shackleton Inlet, and Scott Island, every name put on the map as the reward of splendid endeavour.

David Livingstone's memorials are found in the Africa he loved. East of Lake Nyasa are the Livingstone Mountains. There are the Stanley Falls on the Congo. To the memory of Captain Cook Australia has Cooktown, and New Zealand has Mount Cook. Flinders Isle, Lake Eyre, Sturt Creek, these keep us in mind of the Australian pioneers of undying fame.

ONE OF THE OLDEST DISEASES KNOWN

Two Million Cases of Leprosy in the Empire

Leprosy is one of the oldest diseases known to mankind.

It was prevalent at the time of King Tutankhamen, and is prevalent still. There are probably two million lepers in the British Empire, and more than a hundred in England.

This is not as terrible as it sounds, as it is now proved that the majority of lepers do not spread the disease. Only a minority are really infectious, but a single case can spread the infection. The danger of this is particularly great in regard to children, who are specially liable to pick it up. While a hundred lepers may be placed under treatment and many may recover, two or three who are in the highly contagious stage may be spreading the infection to another hundred healthy people.

Improve Living Conditions

In order to prevent the disease spreading it is necessary to separate infectious patients. This has been the practice for centuries in many lands, and scientific research confirms the practice followed in Old Testament times of separating lepers from healthy people and compelling them to sound a clapper or shout "Unclean" whenever they came into a town or village.

But even separation is not getting at the root of the problem. The only real hope of driving the disease out is to show people how it can be prevented. It is a dirt disease, and the most effective way of preventing it is by improving the conditions under which people live. The hundred or more lepers to be found in England contracted the disease abroad; but they are not a menace to this country because under the healthy conditions of life it does not spread.

The two objectives in the fight with leprosy are, therefore, the separation of the infectious cases from the rest of the community and the improvement of sanitary conditions.

99 and 999

Every day over 500 emergency calls ring through the London telephone exchanges.

A house is on fire; a burglar is in the back garden, or a sneak thief in the front hall; there has been an accident and the doctor or an ambulance is wanted without delay.

Other needs, urgent, desperate, trivial, call for aid. The Exchange notes and replies. If the caller says Fire or Police or Ambulance the call is sent on to the right place by that patient, understanding person whose initial is simply O.

But, so as to save priceless seconds, all the calls for help are now grouped under the S O S figures of 999. As soon as that is received the response will follow from the Exchange as swiftly as T I M, and the questions "What do you want?" and "Where are you?" will set the fire brigade, the policeman, or the doctor on the caller's track.

So it is that to the doctor's 99 we may now add the telephone's 999.

Why 999? The answer is that it is so easy to remember. It sounds like an alarm, though at the same time it recalls the doctor's reassuring tones when he tells a patient to say 99!

The lungs of anyone who can repeat the figures to the doctor's satisfaction are sound.

The subscriber who dials 999 may be reassured that his case is well in hand.

If, for some cause unknown, he can do no more than just dial this S O S call, and cannot explain why he sent it or what he wants, the police will come round at once.

DOES AN ANIMAL AFRAID PRETEND TO BE DEAD?

THE Zoo has just received one of the most interesting snakes, the poisonous hog-nosed snake of the southern States of North America, the only one known to sham death, as naturalists say.

When first menaced it swells out its hood like a cobra, and if this pretence fails it the reptile becomes limp and inert as if dead.

But in saying that it shams death in order to escape with its life do we not credit it with greater intelligence than it actually possesses? Such a stratagem, deliberately thought out, must proceed from a power of reasoning which is not supposed to be within the gift of reptiles.

The opossum has this power of lying apparently lifeless in the face of danger; it will even remain without movement or resistance when fiercely attacked by dogs and men, then, left for dead, it will revive and slowly creep away to safety. But the opossum is a dull-witted animal to which no one attributes wit enough to reason out the likelihood that if it feigns death it will by such a trick save its life. All opossums, the very young not least, have the habit; but instinct, not intelligence, is responsible.

Certain spiders and insects appear to sham death in order to elude an enemy; one has seen a canary sink apparently lifeless in the hand of one who was rescuing it from danger; and it is common knowledge that wild birds may be terrified into stupor on suddenly coming in contact with a snake.

It is possible that all this so-called shamming is but the result of reflex action of the nerves. A shock of terror may be transmitted throughout the nervous system with such force as to deprive an animal of all power of movement. A touch causes the sensitive plant to draw down its leaves, just as fright makes a tortoise withdraw into its shell, or a hedgehog to curl up and lie still and silent within its prickles.

Fright, pain, or emotion makes some people swoon, a condition in which they might pass for dead, or as a patient under an anaesthetic, and the stiff immobility of a terrified snake, spider, bird, or opossum seems to resemble this condition. If an animal could decide that by lying still and pretending to be dead it could escape capture or death it would take its place on a much higher plane of intelligence than any animal has yet been proved to occupy.

Temporary paralysis, advantageous if it makes the creature inconspicuous or apt to be ignored, is a positive advantage with which Nature seems to have endowed the lower creation. It does not come with highly-organised brains; therefore we may fairly assume that to sham death is an entirely unconscious action, an inevitable stupor, not a deliberate feigning by which a creature may deceive and live.

This is to say that it is guided by instinct and not reason, but of course by saying that we do not pretend to solve the mystery: that remains.

When Do We Stop Growing?

NEARLY every boy and every girl can tell their height within an inch. It is such a vastly interesting thing.

So is the question when they will stop growing, because every boy, if not every girl, hopes to grow an inch taller. Grown-up people also grow though they may not know it, but for them the question has lost the interest it had when they were young.

In the 19th century, which settled so many things, the answers to the question seemed to be settled once for all. The scientific inquirers after examining many thousands of young people, from infancy to the time when they came of age, said that after the first big increase in babyhood there was another period of advance between five and eight years. Then there was a pause before a bigger jump between 12 and 16, the growing years.

Girls now, as then, grow more slowly than boys in the earlier years, but after 11 grow up more quickly than boys, especially till about 14. Then after 17 the increase in height slows down in both. But, now that in the 20th century more heights have been measured all over the world, more especially in North America, it seems that the idea that growth in height stops altogether at 21 or 22 is wrong.

It has been said, without much scientific backing, that girls and women are taller than they used to be in the

times of their grandmothers. In the middle of the 19th century, if we are to believe Charles Dickens and Thackeray, a woman of 5 feet 4 inches was above the common height, and one of 5 feet 7 inches was likely to be called a hop pole, so tall did her friends find her. We meet plenty of girls every day now taller than that. More open-air exercises account for much. An examination of boys and girls in Australian schools 20 years ago showed that they were on the average between one and two inches taller than those of the same age in England's council schools, and bigger round the chest.

So the present generation of children here, as well as in Australia and America, may be growing taller than their grandparents did. But another question which the 20th century answers differently from the 19th is when we stop growing. Our grandparents believed that men never increased their height after 24, or women after 22, but, on the evidence collected by Professor Ales Hrdlicka in America, England, Russia, and other parts of Europe, a man's height may increase, though slightly, up to 40.

We go on growing apparently till the age when it ceases to matter to us whether we grow or not. When that time arrives, and people become old, their growth first ceases and then begins slowly to diminish.

Treasure From a Chest in the Sea

GREAT excitement prevails at HAGA, a beach some 30 miles from East London, South Africa, for the tides have washed ashore many precious stones. Campers digging in the sand have unearthed rubies, a bloodstone, and an amethyst, also many cornelian beads and ancient china.

The treasure is supposed to come from an old chest which has been wedged in the rocks for many years. At low tides the chest is visible from the shore, but

owing to the bad currents it cannot be salvaged. The waves thunder and break on the place without ceasing. It is thought that many years ago a hole was made in the chest with an explosive, and now at certain tides the waves withdraw some of the stones from the interior.

Stones (mainly cornelians) have been found for many years by the local inhabitants, many of the women wearing pretty necklets made from the treasure trove of this lost chest.

ON THE ROAD TO TOKYO

A Traveller To the Olympic Games

August Mader has set out from Styria to the Olympic Games. He is walking.

August is no Marathon runner. He has given himself plenty of time, as befits one whose trade is that of a printer. The Olympic Games take place in Tokyo in 1940. So August has nearly three years to spare. He will not be found in the queue outside the Stadium. He ought to be allotted a seat in the front row, long before he gets there.

No details are yet to hand of the route he is taking, but we ought to hear from time to time and from place to place how he is progressing. It will be easier for him than it was for Marco Polo, who set out from Europe to Far Cathay and stopped on the brink of the Yellow Sea. August is going farther, and will certainly need a lift across the Sea of Japan.

Marco Polo, after reaching the mouth of the Persian Gulf, struck up northward through Persia, and then past the River Oxus to Tibet, and crossed the Roof of the World. Crossing the Pamirs he came to the shifting lake of Lop Nor and crossed the dreaded Gobi Desert to the realms of Kublai Khan.

Adventure Ahead

All that journey is history, and many of the fastnesses Marco Polo invaded remained obscure for 600 years till later travellers confirmed his story. August's travels will not receive the same recognition, and he will scarcely be so hardy as to attempt Tibet. But whatever way he goes adventure awaits him, and, we fear, some troubles.

He might strike up through Hungary and cross the Carpathians into Poland, thence making his way through Russia, across the Volga to the Ural Mountains, and so into Siberia. Then he has only to follow the railway.

But if the more ancient highway allured him he would turn south-east through the Balkans into Turkey, and, crossing the Golden Horn, come perilously to Iraq and Bagdad and take the Golden Road to Samarkand. That was the way, reversed, of the caravans in Marco Polo's day.

All the gorgeous East then lies before him, Persia or India, whichever he chooses, though to enter either is easier than to leave it, if he would still take the footpath. North lie the Himalayas and the desert, south the jungle and the forest. He may see Mandalay or ancient deserted temples in Cochin China. But if his will, and his boots, survive, he will have a wondrous tale to tell before he sees the Olympic men in the Stadium at Tokyo.

Molly For Short

It has just been reckoned that the steel-makers are now using over 8000 tons of molybdenum a year as an alloy.

It hardens steel, and is gaining in the race with nickel as an alloy, and at the same time is coming down in price very rapidly. Other uses are daily found for it in colour manufacture, vacuum tubes, and enamels, and it is held in such high esteem by manufacturers that it is now usually called molly for short.

Yet, though the Romans knew of it, it was hardly used for any industrial purpose twenty years ago. Its virtues have been found out in less than a generation, but there may be more to come.

A curious fact was found by a German metallurgist when examining a Japanese sword made by the famous Japanese swordmaker Masamune. The sword was sent to him for test, and in its steel he found traces of molybdenum evidently used for hardening and toughening.

CYCLES OF CATHAY

The Great Period of 31,920 Years

When Tennyson wrote that a year of progress was of higher worth than a cycle of Cathay few had an idea of what such a cycle was.

It is a period hundreds or thousands of years long. The most authentic cycle is one of 120 years, the idea being that after the close of one period all will happen again as before.

Mr W. H. Chatley, who lives in China and is a student of Chinese astronomy, has lately investigated the problem and, writing to an astronomical journal, reveals not one kind of cycle but several.

During the Han dynasty in China, about 200 A.D., there were two recognised cycles, one of 1520 years, the other of 4560. These were combinations of the Caliphic cycle of 76 years, with a more ancient cycle of 80 years known as far back as 1300 B.C., and with another of 60 years which came much later.

Then in the Tang period, about 700 A.D., the Victorinus cycle was brought into China by Indian astronomers. It was a short cycle of 28 years, but this cycle by multiplication with the longest of the others, namely 4560 years, brought the grand total of the Tang cycle of Cathay to 31,920 years. This has been supposed to have been chosen because of its fancied correspondence with the precessional period. This is the period in which the earth's polar axis, inclined at an angle to a line drawn from the centre of the globe to the sun, slowly tilts the angle first one way and then back again.

The whole time occupied with this slowly tilting motion and its reversal is 28,500 years. At the end of that time the tilt is just what it was at the beginning. But it is clear that the Tang cycle was some thousands of years wrong.

Astronomy has progressed in accuracy since then, but more than a year of progress was needed to show that the ancients were not quite right.

The Peat Men of the Yorkshire Hills

HERE and there in the Yorkshire hills we may see the people cutting peat for winter fuel.

The custom has almost died out in recent years, but there are still lonely farms where peat-cutting is part of the year's routine. We may see the work going on now on the North Yorkshire moors, and in the neighbourhood of the famous Tan Hill inn above Swaledale, on Lunds Fell at the head of Wensleydale, and at Middlesmoor in Nidderdale.

To watch the peat-cutters at work is to feel that we have taken a stride into the past, for here, with the great mountains above and the silence and loneliness all round, are men working with tools unlike any we may see elsewhere. When one of their implements is worn out another has to be specially made, the old one being used as a model; and there must be many spots in Yorkshire where peat is cut with implements that have been used by three or four generations.

The chief tool is the cutting spade, which has a side-piece set at right-angles to the flat face, ensuring that the blocks of turf are all cut the right size. With this the sods are raised with remarkable speed. Soft and wet when newly cut, they are reared one against the other and left to dry a few days, a process known as setting. When fairly dry the sods are stacked into little conical heaps, which at a distance look like beehives or cairns dotting the moors. Later these are carried down to the farm on sledges known as coups; and not a few of the peat stores are kept in turf-houses which must have been used for 300 winters or more.

The dalesmen are wise to lay in a supply of peat on summer days, for when the winter comes it may bring snow, which will lie for weeks on the high fells; and at such times the glowing peat fire with its pleasant smell and its showers of sparks is all the farmer has between him and starvation.

David and Goliath in the Gardens

HERE is a striking example of the sense of ownership which distinguishes birds.

Last week a fine strutting wood-pigeon appeared in a London garden where a blackbird was busily prospecting for worms and slugs for his family up in the high hedge.

Had the two birds met in the pigeon's wood or in a public park it is the blackbird that would have been chased to flight, but here he was on his own ground, within hearing of the indignant warning pipe of his mate in the nest and of the thin, querulous cry of his nestlings.

Like a hawk the little fellow flew at the intruding giant. He pecked him, not very effectively, and then thrashed and

buffeted with his wings—hands and arms converted tens of thousands of years ago into organs of flight, yet still, in a crisis, used for offence and defence as we use our hands.

On the face of it the combat was unequal, so small a bird against one of such bulk; but thrice-armed was the blackbird who had his quarrel just. The pigeon knew that he himself was an interloper, and, after ducking and dodging and waddling here and there, he surrendered and with a great clapping of wings flew away, pursued until he was out of the garden and over the house by the offended blackbird.

So conscience makes cowards even of lordly, overpowering wood-pigeons.

PETER PAN AND THE NIGHTINGALE

A Song of Greeting on an April Morn

A nightingale was heard singing his sweet song to the statue of Peter Pan in Kensington Gardens early one April morning last year.

Perhaps he had come to pay a call on the white blackbird which haunted that lovely spot throughout the year. Unfortunately the nightingale did not stay; his was only a passing call, but it was the first time for 29 years that the official bird-watcher had heard a nightingale singing in London.

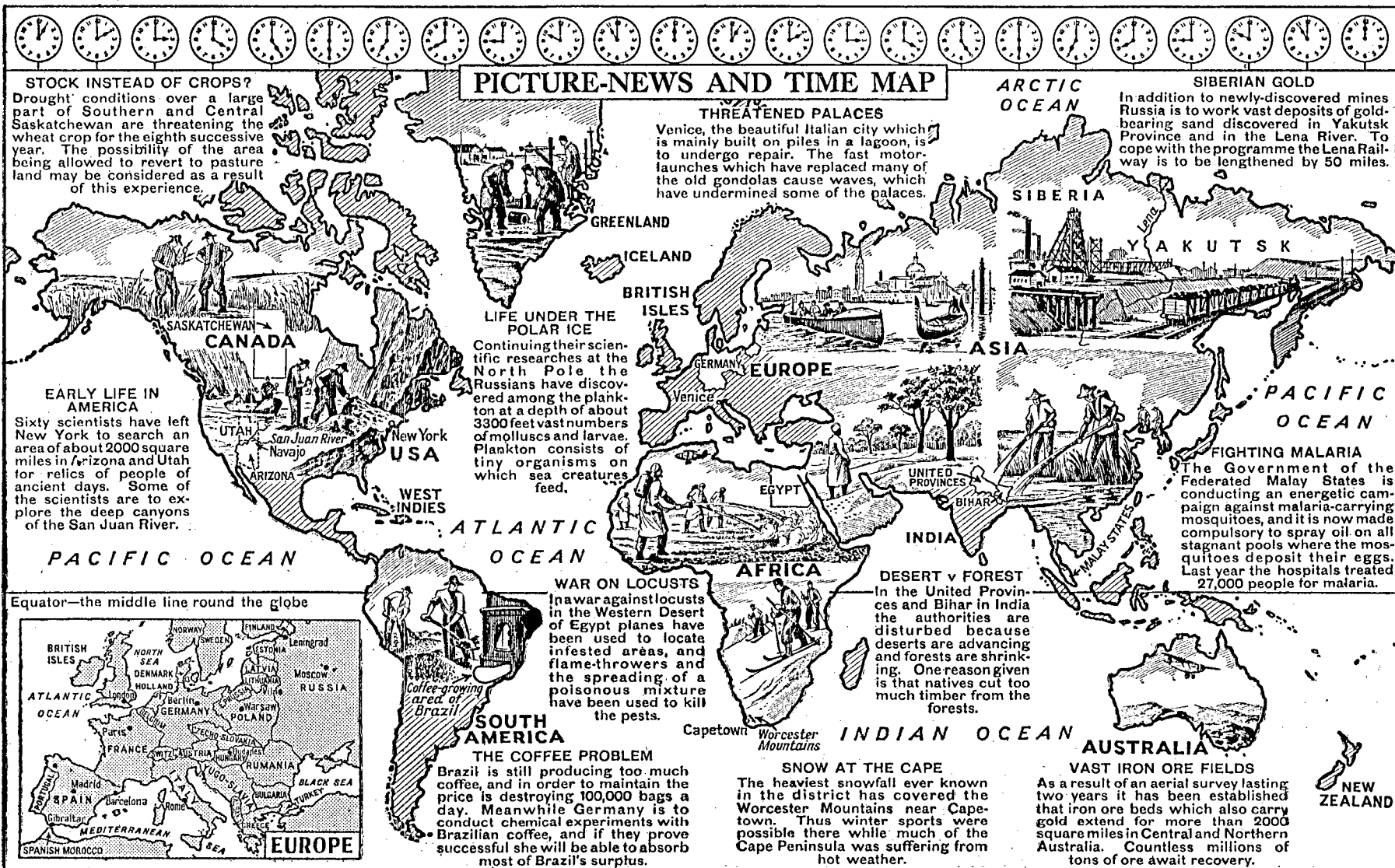
An even more remarkable visitor to Kensington Gardens last year was a merlin, whose natural haunts are the bleak moors of the Pennines and the rugged mountains of Scotland; it is the first time that this bird has been known to visit one of London's central parks.

These rare visitors are recorded in the Report on the Bird Sanctuaries in our Royal Parks, published by the Stationery Office at ninepence. This is a little book which all bird-lovers in London should study, for it is full of information about the birds which nest and visit not only the parks in the heart of London, but also Greenwich, Bushy, and Richmond Parks, and Kew Gardens. Last year's record for Richmond Park gives 99 species, 56 of them having reared their young there.

An Ape Speaks To Itself

The Asiatic Primates Expedition is studying the life and character of the apes of Siam, Borneo, and Sumatra, particular interest being taken in the apes of the forest mountains of Siam.

One day the scientists listened to the chatter of a gibbon, recording the voice on the gramophone, and playing the disc so that the gibbon listened to its own voice. The animal responded with great excitement to its own chatter!



A MESSENGER FROM FAR DISTANT SPACE

The Mystery of Whipple's Comet

A most remarkable celestial visitor, known as Whipple's Comet 1937b, is now in the high heavens in the evening, and though invisible to the naked eye is of very great interest because of its vast orbit. This is so immense that, according to expert computations, some 300,000 years must have elapsed since it last entered the Solar System from some remote depths of space.

No other comet is known to take so long and therefore to possess so long an orbit, though some are considered as never likely to return; these are comets with hyperbolic orbits instead of parabolas or ellipses, of which less than a dozen are known.

At present Whipple's Comet is about 165 million miles away and speeding southward through the constellation of Corona Borealis, the Northern Crown, along the path indicated on the star-map. These stars, described in the C.N. for June 12, are now a little way to the south-west of overhead between 10 and 11 o'clock. It will therefore be easy to locate the comet, though a telescope will be needed to detect it as it is between 8th and 9th magnitude; moreover, the presence of the Moon during the next few days will be a disadvantage to observers. As the comet is now receding from the Earth, though slowly at the rate of about 100,000 miles a day, it is also becoming fainter.

It is therefore not as a spectacle that Whipple's Comet will impress us but as an exceptional messenger from some exceedingly remote region of space, far beyond the aphelia to which long-distance comets are known generally to travel. That there is some strange body, world, or something which constitutes the attraction, as in the case of Jupiter and the other outer planets, there can be no doubt, and this is the message that Whipple's Comet brings, that such a body exists—but what?

Most faint comets of short period belong to what is known as the Jovian family, because the orbit of Jupiter is near their aphelia, or farthest point from the Sun, and his attraction is sufficient to make them follow those orbits; these comets return to perihelion (their nearest point to the Sun) and usually to our skies about every five to six years on an average. The Neptunian family is well represented by the famous Halley's Comet, whose aphelion point is near the orbit of Neptune, this comet returning about every 75 years. In this time Halley's Comet travels to a distance averaging 2900 million miles.

A Companion Sun

Other comets are known to have Saturn, Uranus, and even Pluto for their outermost attraction, but Pluto, the farthest of these, averages 3660 million miles, and comets return from those regions in about 250 to 300 years after travelling to a distance of some 4500 million miles. Now how far off must be the object which attracts Whipple's Comet if it takes 300,000 years for it to return? Even allowing for the fact that the farther a comet travels from the Sun the slower becomes its rate of progress, we gain some idea of what a long, long trek it must be to its mysterious goal.

And then, what? One wonders if there is some dark invisible sun in those



The path of Whipple's Comet, through Corona Borealis into Serpens, for the next two weeks.

WOODLAND SURPRISES

The Deer That Seem To Come From Nowhere

Much has been written about the charms of country life; we know of one book of 93 chapters, each treating a separate aspect of the question.

But all their authors missed one paramount element of country happiness—the surprises awaiting those who patiently wait and watch: the appearance of forms of animal life long unknown to the neighbourhood.

The latest example is the astonishing invasion of Mr Lloyd George's 240-acre estate at Churt by a number of young deer. Nobody knows where they came from, or to whom their ancestors belong. Here are wild deer roaming Surrey, settling down in the bracken of a private property and setting the gardeners at work from dawn till dusk putting up fences round the orchards.

The Editor could write his own chapter of such surprises, with trespassing horses of gypsies in place of deer, and adding badgers, foxes, hares, rabbits, and shrews, nesting pheasants, visiting partridges, with the mother of one brood teaching them how to earn a living in the kitchen garden; a lizard that snapped off its tail in the hand put forth to capture it; the adder in the wood, the grass snake in the lily pond where an audacious kingfisher sometimes appears, and where gorgeous dragonflies rise from the water in which eggs have been converted into myriads of frogs, toads and newts—all these quite unexpected visitors to a hilltop little more than 20 miles from London.

Ancient Britons

We have all noted the spread of aliens, such as the little owl, of the dreadful musk-rat, and of the grey squirrel, against which the wrath of the Government has been kindled afresh. But the joy we all derive from surprise visits is when the guest is one of our own ancient Britons, natives here before the first man wandered westward dryshod where the North Sea now runs.

But the deer in Surrey, like the roe-deer in the New Forest (where they are supposed to have been long extinct), reappear as mysteriously as the caterpillars now devastating parts of England and Scotland. Now it is a wild cat or a golden eagle in Lakeland, now a snake in a London street to which it has descended from a railway embankment; who knows but that in some secret glade of the New Forest there may not linger some of those primitive bristly pigs, descendants of our old wild boars, which quiet trackers used to report as still surviving in the New Forest?

A Glut of Herrings

Another glut of herrings is reported from Scotland. On a recent day 12,000 cwt of the fish were returned to the sea.

The obvious thing to do with herrings is to eat them, and it is absurd to suppose that our 46 million people cannot consume every herring the fishermen can catch. The herring needs to be advertised for what it is—one of the cheapest and most enjoyable of foods.

In one and the same country the scientists say that millions are underfed, while fish are thrown back into the sea!

Continued from the previous column.

remote regions that forms the attraction for this comet and perhaps for others—a small "companion" sun that has long ago dwindled into invisibility but which travels together with our Sun, although far distant, in the same direction through space. Many such examples are known among the very distant suns, the stars, and at distances apart approximating to the distance to which this most singular comet is travelling.

G. F. M.

DONKEYS

To most of us few animals are half so pathetic as donkeys.

In the East, where they are at home among the deserts and hills, they are often at the mercy of hard masters. In the West, where they are aliens, they are laughed at every day. Do we not say as stupid as a donkey? And has not the donkey been the butt of humorists for centuries, the subject of thousands of jokes?

In our own land, where the donkey is never really at home, this poor beast of burden is supposed to be notorious for its stubbornness. The truth is that the donkey is a very patient and useful animal, amazingly sure-footed and often very intelligent. But it has a queer voice. It prefers thistles to lettuce. It refuses to move once it has made up its mind not to go on, and its big ears give it a ludicrous appearance.

Old, Old Stories

All down the years the donkey has been supposed to be able to speak. Even as far back as Old Testament times there was that strange tale of Balaam's ass, and if we turn to Aesop we find him telling many stories of donkeys. There is the story of Jupiter and the ass, and the story of the donkey which died under its heavy load because a proud horse would not carry some of its burden. There is the tale of the donkey which tried to win his master's affection by jumping up at him as if he were a dog; and one of Aesop's most famous stories is of the donkey that put on a lion's skin and was taken for a lion till someone noticed his ears.

We may remember that David Copperfield's aunt was always driving donkeys away from the front of her house by the seaside. Don Quixote's squire rode after his master on a donkey.

The Poet's Friend

From Francis Jammes, the open-air poet of France who loved all creatures, come these lines:

*O God, when You send for me, let it be
Upon some festal day of dusty roads
I am Francis Jammes going to Paradise,
For there is no hell where the Lord God dwells.*

*Come with me, my sweet friends of azure
skies,
You poor dear beasts who whisk off with
your ears
Mosquitoes, peevish blows, and buzzing
bees*

*God, let me come to you
With all these asses into Paradise.*

A Rare Place in Art

Whenever we see the donkeys on the sands, or go for a donkey ride by the sea, let us remember that in spite of all the laughter they have caused, all the beatings and whippings they have endured, donkeys have at least their memories to cherish. Painters and craftsmen have given the donkey a rare place in art, for tradition says it was a donkey and an ox that were at hand when the King of Kings was born.

Nor is that all, for we read that when Joseph and Mary and the Holy Child made their flight into Egypt it was on a donkey that Mary rode, carrying the Babe with her. But the donkey's supreme hour was on the day when Christ rode into Jerusalem, immortalised in Mr Chesterton's poem:

*Fools! For I also had my hour;
One far fierce hour and sweet:
There was a shout about my ears,
And palms before my feet.*

WHAT IS HAPPENING TO THE FILMS?

A Word To The Wise

The finances of the film-producing industry in England are in such an unhealthy state that many studios are in danger of suspension or abolition.

That being so we are led to wonder whether the position is in any way produced by the unpopularity of such films as the Canadian Board of Censors has been criticising.

They announce with regret that of the British films submitted for the past year 25 per cent had to be cut as unacceptable, whereas all the rest of the world films contained but 17 per cent of objectionable matter.

Film producers might find it suggestive if they considered stage finance in this connection. The dramatist who by his own efforts made the greatest sums in the history of the theatre was Sir James Barrie. Among the authors and composers of musical plays Gilbert and Sullivan have been a goldmine for more than a generation to themselves, their heirs, their players, and the theatre-owners.

Now in the whole range of the plays by Barrie and by Gilbert and Sullivan there is not one vulgar word, not one coarse suggestion. Good manners and seemly wit and humour pay; their opposite leads eventually to bankruptcy, which is an oblique compliment to public taste and good sense.

Birds Across the Atlantic

Our flying men know perfectly well how much more difficult it is to cross the Atlantic from Europe to America than from America to Europe.

A one-way air mail service could have been established long ago, but that would have meant piling up aeroplanes in Europe or sending them back in bulk in the hold of the Queen Mary. It is a great sign of progress that a two-way service is coming.

Birds have been telling us all this for a long time. It is not uncommon for wading birds of American species to be found in western Europe, but European wading birds are very rare in America.

A curious exception is that in December 1927 a large flock of lapwings, seeking refuge in Ireland from the cold of Europe, was blown across the Atlantic by a continuous gale from the east. One of them had been ringed in Cumberland.

Another Hero Gone

One by one the heroes of the war pass on to the Great Beyond.

A great hero of the air was Mocker, who flew without leaving death and destruction in his trail. Mocker was a carrier pigeon.

This feathered hero carried 33 messages for his division and was made famous by his deeds with the American Expeditionary Forces. One day the American lines were being subjected to severe bombardment by the enemy guns. Help was needed and Mocker set off with a message tied to a leg.

Half an hour later Mocker arrived at his home station, badly wounded and minus one eye; but he survived and came home with the Forces when the war ended. Now he has passed on.

25 YEARS AGO

From the C.N. of July 1912

The Telephone That Manages Itself. Epsom in Surrey has installed our first automatic telephone. This invention is very generally used in America, where it can be easily installed as new towns spring up. In England the cost of changing the old system would be enormous, but the newer form will come slowly.

Complete in Two Parts

ON SECRET SERVICE

By John Mowbray

The Lonely House

CHAPTER 3
Harpoon Head.

THE man plucked off his cap, mopped his brow with a flaming red handkerchief, displaying a close crop of grizzled hair as he did so, then, shifting his quid of tobacco from one cheek to the other, he uttered, "For why do I call you a windfall, my lad? Because it was by the merest fluke that I sighted you."

David liked the cut of his jib, but felt mystified still.

With a jerk of his thumb towards his boat, "See yon craft?" said the man. "I'm her cabin-boy, skipper, and all. Are you game to sign on?"

"Oh, I see," grinned David. "You've landed in search of a crew."

"That's it!" laughed the man.

"But supposing," said David, extending his grin, "that I'm seasick!"

"There's many good sailormen are, my lad," was the answer. "But there's little sea running this morning twixt here and the Head."

David gave a start. "So you're going to the Head?" he exclaimed.

"Aye, to Harpoon Head. And that's where the crew's watch starts, laddie. For I'll want you to mind the boat while I'm gone ashore."

"You're going ashore?"

"Aye, I'm going ashore."

"For how long?"

They were in the boat and away before the man answered. Then, his steady eyes searching the waters, he uttered, "Not long, lad."

And as he was speaking the sun, which had been shining all the morning, went in.

So the Head looked more sombre than ever as they approached it, and rugged and unkindly when they ran in and beached upon the strip of sand at its foot. There was loneliness and the sense of a queer desolation; no sea-birds had come wheeling out at the chug of their motor, the face of the cliff was black and bare as a bone. When his companion handed David a glass and David had levelled this he was able to see, invisible to the naked eye, a track like a thread that climbed up and up to the skyline. For nothing on the crown of the Head could be seen.

They clambered out and hauled the boat above high-water mark. Then, having stripped himself of his oilskins and sea-boots, the man pointed to the track which the glass had disclosed. "Yon's my road," he said, whispering, "and all you have to do, my lad, is to wait till I'm back. If any Nosey Parker happens along and begins asking questions you tell him you're minding Cap'n Ben Jarvis's boat. Got that? 'What's the Cap'n doing ashore?' You says, 'Axe me another,' you says. Got that, too? Can I trust you, my lad?"

The ruddy good-humoured face had grown suddenly serious and the cheerful voice was harder and strangely intent.

"And you don't stir from here till I come back, laddie."

"Aye, aye, sir!" smiled David.

"Put it there, lad!"

And grasping David's hand in a leather-like palm Captain Ben Jarvis went up the sand, turned his head once and waved, then started climbing the track, growing smaller and smaller, until presently he seemed little more than a speck.

But he had left the glass with David. So David could watch him and saw him come out on the top and then disappear.

An hour passed. Two hours passed. Full afternoon came. Stiff and hungry, David paced up and down. Time and again he levelled his glass on the cliff, and time and again he saw nothing, heard nothing but the monotonous lap of the waves. But it was not until the heralds of twilight appeared that he grew really anxious.

The captain had promised not to be long. What had happened? Had he fallen and hurt himself? Was he lying on the Head with a broken leg and no one to help him? He himself had been bidden to wait here, and orders were orders; but even Nelson had disobeyed them when needful.

This made David's mind up. He would climb the Head before the light grew too bad, and go on and on until he discovered his Cap'n.

So, leaving the motor-boat high and dry out of reach of the tide, he started at once and found the climb easier than it had looked from below. There was no real difficulty until he had come to the top, where he had to struggle a bit before he was over and

could fling himself down, panting, on the coarse grass. Then in front of him, at quite a short distance, he saw with astonishment a shanty of galvanized iron behind wooden palings, and a gusty flicker of oil-lamps and moving figures.

He saw no more just then, because darkness descended—darkness induced by a stunning blow on the head.

CHAPTER 4

Trapped

WHEN David was coming to himself he heard a voice speaking in rebuke. "To strike first and enquire afterwards! That was clumsy work, Heinrich!" Then a violent shaking of the shoulder appraised him that the speaker was transferring attention to him. "Now pull yourself together, lad. There's nothing wrong with you."

From flat on his back he was jerked to an upright position.

He blinked his eyes and looked dazed, though gladly aware that his faculties had returned to him with a rush. For, blinking thus and looking round in this dazed way, he was doing his best to take stock of his surroundings. He was outside the shanty, he saw, and inside the boarding, and not far from the mouth of a big hole, or shaft, in the earth, surrounded by workmen's oil lamps which cast light on surveyors' tripods and a mounted theodolite. It looked as if some night operations were starting.

Then he slowly lifted his eyes to the man who had spoken and the other two at his side. All three looked upset. He was not, he perceived, very welcome.

"Now, then! Gather your wits, lad. Where did you come from?"

"By the track up the cliff," he answered, deliberately weakening his voice.

"What had you been doing?"

"I had been looking after a boat."

"Whose boat?"

"Captain Ben Jarvis's boat."

The three glanced at one another. Then their spokesman said, very slowly, "So you knew that Captain Jarvis was coming up here to consult us about the new coastguard station for which we're surveying?"

Oh, that's it! thought David. But why that deep hole in the earth? However, he did not reply: "So your theodolite isn't a camouflage?" or "Do you always do your surveying by night?" He rejoined that he'd no idea what Captain Jarvis had come for. Which was bare truth.

"What's your name, lad?" snapped Heinrich.

"Is that your business?"

"It is. What do you think you're doing here?"

"Well, I thought," he smiled, "that I was hiking. But it looks as if I'd come for biffs on the nut." And gingerly his fingers felt his sore head.

"You can cut out the funny business," the man rejoined savagely. "What we want to know is: What—are—you—doing here?"

"I told you. I am looking for Captain Jarvis."

"Why?"

"I told you that, too. I've been minding his boat."

"That doesn't fox us."

"It's the truth."

"Here! Let me handle him, Heinrich!"

The man who had spoken first, a coarse, scar-faced creature, pushed Heinrich aside, but then turned to the third of their party. "You, Fritz," he commanded, "go and take a dekho at the road, and listen for the Chief's car." And when that man had turned his back on the sea and slouched off, the first speaker picked up one of the heavy lamps and held it close to David, looking him over. Then he snapped, "I advise you to listen, lad, for your own sake. Did you have any other object in climbing up here?"

"What other object could I have?" countered David, whose suspicions were increasing with every word.

"That's for you to tell. And I'll have the truth if I lash it out of your flesh!"

"Try a lighted match under his finger-nails, Carl," muttered Heinrich. Now for it! thought David. He answered, "You haven't told me yet why you struck me?"

They pulled him full to his feet, and Carl pushed his face into his. For a full minute he surveyed David thus, and then on a sudden violently thrust him away. "Nay, he's but a daft lad. We can let him go, Heinrich," he muttered.

"Hladn't we better wait till the Chief comes?" the other said, dubiously.

The man called Carl swung round his friend with new savagery. "You fool!" he hissed. "Would you let the Chief know we'd been surprised twice the same evening? Isn't Captain Jarvis enough for you! I'm keeping my mouth shut about this lad. You, too, Heinrich!" He shouted at David, "Clear off, you! And mind you're not seen if you meet a car on the road!"

"I see," said David. But he meant to see rather more. So he was lingering, while he thought up another excuse, when Heinrich, who looked dissatisfied still, stood in his way; with a mutter to Carl, "Nay! We'd be wiser to wait for the Chief."

"Here I am! What's the matter there?"

A voice had called from the open door of the shanty.

It chilled David's blood, for he knew it only too well; as too well he knew the figure which came lumbering forward. Light flooded David's mind. But he'd small time to think, for Isaac Runnell had recognised him just as instantly.

All his self-control lost, the farmer bellowed with rage. "I knew it!" he roared. "I knew the little fox was up to no good! For why did I keep him at my farm, save to watch him." Yet hardly would his passion allow his words room. It was rending him, as he whipped out an ugly knife and flung himself at David—but Carl caught his wrist just in time.

Then the other two men began trying to calm him. They whispered, and though David could not catch all they said, at the end he caught, "So it's all right, Chief. He thinks we're surveying for a new coastguard station—"

"Coastguard station, my eye!" scoffed Runnell. "The lad's not an idiot. He's as sharp as a needle. But he'll not use his knowledge." He was dropping his voice to a snarl. "The sea's safe," he said. "Trust the sea not to give up its secrets. So tie him up! And look slippery!"

"You daren't—"

"It's your skin or ours, my lad," Heinrich interposed gruffly.

David stood very straight, very still, for resistance was useless, while they fastened his elbows to his sides. Then Runnell, leering, struck him across the mouth. "That's for spying! And that!" He struck David again. "Happy dreams to you, lad. March him off, Carl! There's deep water round—"

These were the last words which Isaac Runnell uttered for quite a long time. For although the pistol which flashed from the hut had aimed at his shoulder, and though its bullet did only strike his shoulder, yet, in some strange fashion, the shock put his vocal cords out of action. In the prison hospital he made croaking noises, but was unable to make his confession by word of mouth. So he wrote it down, laboriously, a bit at a time.

While passing himself off as nothing more than a farmer, he had been the brains, he confessed, of a dangerous secret organisation, and had long been drawing handsome pay for his treachery.

It was Captain Ben Jarvis who later declared that it served the rogue right. "After those husky scoundrels of his had laid me alongside," he said, puffing and blowing, "and had trussed me up and put me on ice, so to speak, to wait till their Chief came along and said what to do with me, they forgot that 'twould need knots a sight more clever than theirs to keep an old sailorman fast! Though I'll own," he continued, "it took me ten times too long. But there! I were none too nippy, not with this arm o' mine." And he glanced at the splints in which his right arm was still strapped. "Aye, I had to use my teeth and my left hand to free myself. It'll be long ere I handle my little boat again, laddie."

David said, "Had you guessed all the time, Captain Ben, that it wasn't a coastguard station the men were surveying for?"

"And I an old coastguardsman!" cried the Cap'n derisively. "Sure I'd guessed they were after no honest life-saving job, lad! But sink me if I'd guessed they was dropping a shaft to tunnel the cliff for what you call radium, my lad—"

"No, radio. It was for a secret wireless station in the cliff, one that would both receive and transmit," explained David.

"Well that be one hornets' nest scotched, laddie. Thanks be to you!"

"No, no! Thanks to you," David said.

And so he stated in his report to Sir Richard.

But whether the credit belonged to him or his Cap'n made little difference to Heinrich and his associates. They said that they could have got away right enough if it hadn't been for that terrible sailorman's pistol. They were engineers, they protested, not gunmen.

THE END

JACKO OBLIGES

BIG Brother Adolphus, naturally preferring a very different kind of holiday from the beach and deckchair sort of entertainment that satisfied the rest of the family, had gone off with a friend on a motoring tour.

So that they were all very surprised to get a letter from him, one morning, asking if they could put him up for a night at their lodgings.

He duly turned up in his smart little

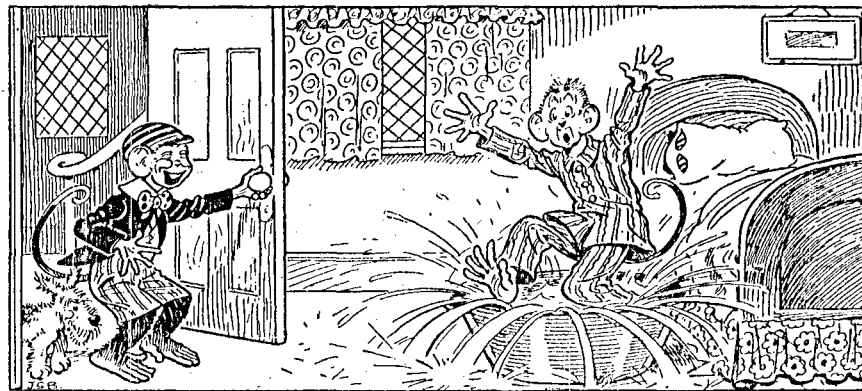
Adolphus grunted. "I shall have to be up quite early in the morning," he said. "I suppose I can get a hot bath."

"I'm afraid not," said his mother.

"There's no bathroom; but you can have a tub of water in your room."

Adolphus looked disgusted, and went off, slamming the door behind him. He came back to say, "I suppose I can be called at six."

"I'll call you," cried Jacko.



"I've brought you your bath," grinned Jacko.

sports car, and hooted long and loud to announce his arrival.

He was as brown as a berry but he didn't look in the best of tempers, and it was not until he had put away an excellent supper that he condescended to explain his appearance.

His friend, it seemed, had been spending the night with an aged relative near by, and had left Adolphus to kick up his heels alone till he could join him again.

"Well, well," said Mother Jacko soothingly. "I'm sure he's doing it to please his people, and one night can't make much difference."

And he kept his word. It was barely six the next morning when Adolphus was awakened by a terrific banging on his door.

"All right," he called out sleepily.

"It's six o'clock," cried Jacko, banging louder than ever.

"All right," shouted Adolphus, adding,

"And stop that row."

Bang! Bang! Bang!

Adolphus flung off the bedclothes, put one foot to what he imagined to be the floor—and splash!

"I've brought you your bath," grinned Jacko, from the door.

But Adolphus was already in it!

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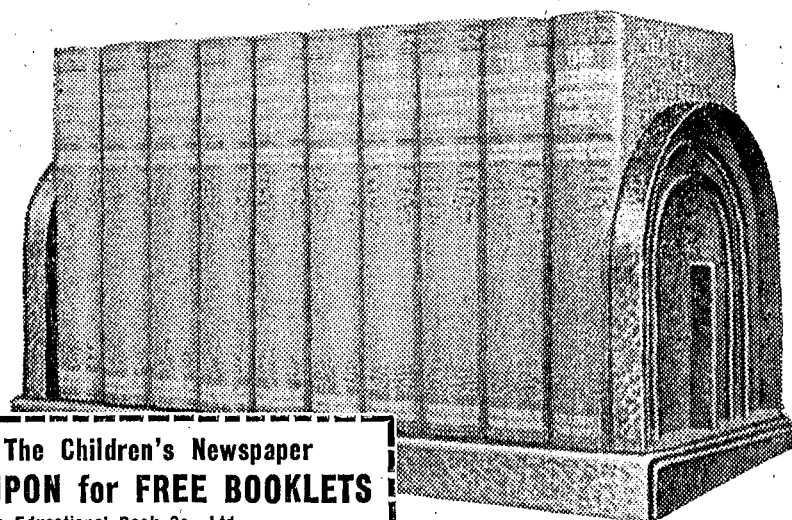
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THE INFANTS HOSPITAL
Vincent Square, Westminster, S.W.1.

The Children's Newspaper will be delivered every week at any house in the world for 11s a year. See below.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

July 24, 1937

Every Thursday 2d

Arthur Mee's Children's Encyclopedia will be delivered anywhere by the Educational Book Co., Tallis Street, E.C.4.

MONEY PRIZES AND CAMERAS FOR CLEVER READERS

Splendid Competition For Girls and Boys

With the holidays so near the prizes offered this week should make a particular appeal to girls and boys.

In the picture ten silhouettes are shown, and readers are asked to say what each of the figures is doing. There are two prizes of ten shillings each to be won for the best-written correct or nearest correct lists, and for those next best in order of merit ten Coronet box cameras are offered. These splendid cameras are worth 7s 6d each and they take photographs 2½ inches by 3½ inches.

All the correct answers appear in the following list.

Baby crawling. Controlling traffic. Driving in golf. Fishing. Hurdle-jumping. Long jump. Parachuting. Playing billiards. Playing football. Riding a bicycle. Riding a horse. Rowing a boat. Shooting with bow and arrow. Shooting with a rifle. Swimming. Tap-dancing. Throwing the hammer. Tug-of-war.

Each answer must be correctly numbered. For



example, 9 Baby crawling. Write your list on a postcard, add your name, address, and age, and post to C.N. Competition Number 31, 1 Tallis House, London, E.C.4 (Comp.), to arrive not later than first post on Thursday, July 29.

This competition is open to girls and boys of 15 or under and there is no entry fee. Allowance will be made for age when judging. Only one attempt may be sent by each reader. The Editor's decision must be accepted as final.

Five-Minute Story

From the Clouds

PAM and Peter were twins who lived in a lonely house on the Sussex Downs, and they had invited ten school friends from near-by to their birthday party during the summer holidays.

All the preparations were made, and then, on the birthday itself, came a disappointment. Measles had broken out in the town. Several of the guests had it, and the party could not take place.

That afternoon Pam and Peter wandered out on the Downs, feeling that it wasn't a bit like a birthday. They had gone about a mile when they noticed mist drifting in from the sea.

"We'd better go home," said Peter. "This is no fun. Hallo! What's that?"

It was the drone of an aeroplane, flying low. Suddenly a large machine loomed up out of the mist, roared past them, and landed on a slope near-by.

"Whatever can be the matter?" cried Pam.

"Look! the passengers are getting out," said Peter.

The grown-up passengers were talking with the pilot, but four excited children, all chattering at once in several different languages, looked round as the twins came up.

There was an English boy with his two French cousins, and a little Austrian girl travelling with her parents.

"What's happened?" asked Peter.

"We've come from Paris," answered the English boy, "and we've had bad luck all the way. We got lost in the fog over the Channel, then we developed engine trouble and were obliged to make a forced landing."

The pilot came toward them. "Can you young people tell us where we are?" he asked the twins.

"You're on the Downs, ten miles from Brighton, sir," answered Peter.

There was a murmur of dismay from the passengers. Ten miles! They were indeed stranded.

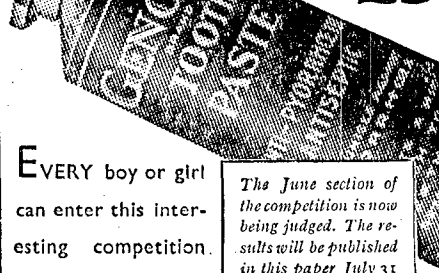
Then Pam had an idea. "Peter, why shouldn't they come home with us?" she cried. "We're all prepared for a party, and they can telephone for cars to take them on afterwards."

"That's a fine idea!" exclaimed Peter, and, turning to the astonished travellers, he quickly explained about their spoilt birthday party. "So do come," he finished. "It'll settle your problem and save our birthday from ruin—and I'm sure Mother won't mind."

She didn't mind, and it was the jolliest party the twins had ever had.

Don't miss the July COMPETITION

First Prize **£10** Second Prize **£5**



EVERY boy or girl can enter this interesting competition and all stand a chance of winning large money prizes. Genozo will make your teeth beautifully white and clean. It does not harm the enamel AND it contains a special emulsion which protects your gums against germs.

Ask mother to get a tube of Genozo, THE CHILDREN'S FAVOURITE DENTIFRICE, and ask your chemist for details of the competition, or send a post-card to GENATOSAN LTD., LOUGHBOROUGH.

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Obtainable only from Chemists
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You can taste the Fruit in Rowntree's Gums & Pastilles
2d. 3d. and 6d. packets or sold loose 6d. 1/4 lb.

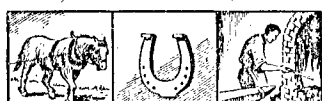
THE BRAN TUB

Catch Question

WHAT is the value of the grass, at one guinea per acre, in a triangular field, one side of which is one hundred yards long and the other two sides fifty yards each?

Answer next week

Ici on Parle Français



Le cheval horse Le fer shoe Le forgeron blacksmith

Notre cheval a perdu un fer. Il nous faut aller chez le forgeron en chercher un autre.

Our horse has lost a shoe. We must go to the blacksmith's and get another.

This Week in Nature

THE reed bunting is laying for the second time this season. The four or six eggs are pale brown and streaked with black and lilac, and are laid in a nest made of grass and weeds. Although a water-side bird the bunting does not nest in the reeds, preferring the drier spots on the ground or in a bush. The reed bunting is a little brownish-coloured bird with a black head and breast. Its beak is stout, similar to that of the finch tribe.

Peter Puck on Cricket

"I SHALL be bold," the batsman said, "Our back's against the wall." He went in, took his stance and watched, And bowled he was—first ball!

Sun-Printing on Fruits

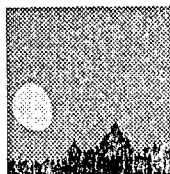
DESIGNS, letters, and so on may be sun-printed on apples, plums, peaches, and other fruits. In cutting out the stencils, which should be made with greaseproof paper, remember that the parts of the fruit that will be protected by the paper will be pale yellow, and where there are

openings the skin will be red. The stencils are gummed to the fruit when it is of good size but has not actually started to ripen, and they should be placed on the side which receives the greatest amount of sunshine.

The sun-print will be finished when the skin of the fruit is red all round the outside of the stencil. The paper may then be removed by moistening with a little warm water.

Other Worlds Next Week

IN the evening Mars is in the South-West and Jupiter in the South-East. In the morning Venus is in the North-East and Saturn in the South-East. The picture shows the Moon at half-past ten on Monday evening, July 26.



When in the Country

THE tracks of animals are often visible in the countryside, and the footprints made by them offer the chance of a fascinating game.

The rabbit's track, or spoor, is fairly easy to identify for the hind feet of this animal strike the ground ahead of the fore feet, so that the footprints form a sort of triangle. The hind feet being wider apart, the footprints form the base of the triangle and show the direction in which the rabbit is moving.

Deer, unless injured, almost invariably place the hind feet in the tracks made by the fore feet.

Transposition

REVERSE a measure and you'll find

What keeps us often close confined; Erase a letter and 'tis plain What causes fear will then remain; Cut off the last, transpose the rest, A precious metal stands confessed; Those you discarded, now recall, An active verb's the end of all.

Answer next week

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

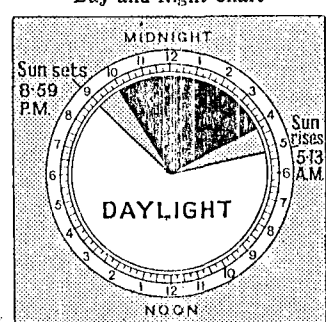
Be-headed Word. Space, pace, ace, ce, e
What is the Word? Shall
Changed Letters. Rose, hose, rise, rope, Ross.

Something in the Garden. A cabbage

The C.N. Cross Word Puzzle

P	A	R	A	G	O	N	S	E	C	R	E	T	E
L	I	E	O	P	E	F	A	R	N	U	N		
A	R	A	B	A	T	L	A	S	F	U	N	D	
Y	D	E	A	L	I	T	S	A	R	S			
E	E	Y	E	S	B	O	A	T	T	I	E	R	
A	D	F	I	N	A	N	C	I	E	R	A	M	
S	I	T	D	O	N	I	R	E	A	S			
S	T	O	K	E	R	S	D	E	R	I	E	S	

Day and Night Chart



Daylight, twilight, and darkness on July 24. The daylight now begins to get shorter each day.

Now That Summer's Here

FROM flower to flower the butterfly Went tripping with easy grace. "The world in summer-time (he sang) Is a very pleasant place." "I'll think so, too (the daisy sighed), When you've done treading on my face!"